

Distress'd Innocence :

O R , T H E

Princess of Persia,

A Tragedy.

As it is Acted at the Theatre Royal
by Their Majesties Servants.

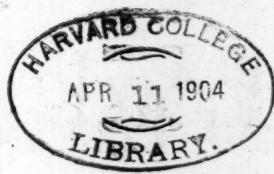
Written by E. S E T T L E.

*Ut ridentibus arrident, ita flentibus adsunt
Humani vultus : Si vis me fere dolendum est
Primum ipsi Tibi, tunc tua me infortunia lœdent
Telephe vel Peleu. -----*

Horat. de Arte Poeticâ.

L O N D O N ,

Printed by E. J. for Abel Roper at the Mitre near Temple-Bar in Fleet-Street. 1691.



Gift of the English Dept.

To the Right Honourable
John Lord Cutts,
Baron of Gowran.

My LOR^D,

HEROICK Virtue is of that Universal Attraction, that in the crowd of her Admirers, the *Muses* in dutious Homage must make a part of her Train. For under the Umbrage of the Valiant and the Brave, they cannot seek a Nobler Patronage then where they find their Noblest Theme: Noblest indeed, when the Memorials of true hardy Worth tune their Loftiest Ayres, and fill their largest Volumes: And in that Class, possibly, no Merit stands higher than Your Lordships. For War has been your Early Study; nor has the Age known a more Forward Proficient in the School of *Arms* than Your Lordship. From your First Honourable Wounds before the Walls of *Buda*, to your Last before those of *Limerick*; the no less Favourite of the Great *Lorrain*, than of the Greater *Nassau*, You have been

The Epistle Dedicatory.

wholly Train'd up under that Sacred *Gamaliel, HONOUR.*
Nor has Your Cause been less Glorious than Your Courage ;
The Common Foes of *Christendom* have been the mark of
your Sword ; You brought it flush'd from against the more
declining *Turkish*, to Engage it against the more prevailing
Gallick Tyrant ; From combating the Less, to draw it against
the Greater *Infidel*. The Fervor of this Last warm Zeal
brought You from the Imperial *Leopold's* to the Royal
William's Standart. And to sum up Your just due in that
truest Glory of an *Englishman* : Not *Hannibal* was a more
Sworn Foe against the Old, than *Your Lordship* against the
New *Rome*.

But all these Excellent Qualifications, these united Mar-
tial Virtues, are not the only influencing Powers that have
set you so fair a Mark to the Ambition of the Addressing
Muses. They have seen you wear the Impres of the Great
Pallas on your Shield, under her double Character, not
only as the *Goddess of Arms*, but of *Wit* too : And there-
fore they plead some kind of Justification in presuming to
take Shelter, where they have formerly received Honour.
'Tis with these Considerations that This Play, much his Best,
and (as Written by so Unfriended an Author) not un-
fortunate, begs your Protection. I confess from a more
Favourite Pen it might have made a fairer Figure, and con-
sequently have been a more acceptable Present : For Poetry
in this Age holds its value not from the Sterling but the
Stamp. A Celebrated Minion Writer shall be able to pass
even *Irish Coyne* Currant, when a Hated Scribler, under
Pique and Prejudice, shall hardly bring Bullion and Plate
into Play. And in my hard Circumstances, even beyond
Expectation, I am bound to thank my kindest Stars that I
cou'd come within *Fifty per Cent* success of my happier
Brothers of the Quill.

How-

However I must still own my self indebted on all Hands, not only to the kind Audience, but likewise to the kind Company, who amongst other Favours, were pleased to be at the Charge of dressing my Play to so much Advantage. But above all I must make my publick Acknowledgments to Mr. *Betterton* for his several extraordinary Hints to the heightning of my best Characters, nor am I a little indebted to Mr. *Montfort*, for the Last Scene of my Play which he was so kind to write for me. And now if it meet so favourable a Reception in Print, as to move some part of that Compassion in the Reading, as it did in the Acting I have gain'd my point: and for some Recommendation to the Reader, whatever Fiction I have elsewhere interwoven, the Distresses of *Hormidas* and *Cleomira* are true History.

But after all this Encouragement, with what shame must I look back on my long Ten Years silence. Alas, I was grown weary of my little Talent in Innocent *Dramaticks*, and forsooth must be rambling into *Politicks*: And much I have got by't, for, I thank 'em, they have undone me. And truly when impertinent Busy Fools in my little post, in the name of Frenzy must aspire to State-Champions, though their Pens are drawn even on the Right side, they deserve no better Fate. We read of the Unfortunate Zeal of the Officious *Uzzah*. Let *Government* like the *Ark of Old*, be upheld by its proper Supporters in God's Name; and all intermeddling uncommision'd Hands, as a just Judgment upon 'em, meet my Reward.

— — — *Ne sutor ultra Crepidam.*

And

And now, after all my repented Follies, if an Unhappy
Stray into Forbidden Grounds, (like *Trinculo* from his
Dukedom where he was almost starv'd in't) may be per-
mitted to return to his Native Province, I am resolved to
quit all pretensions to State-craft, and honestly sculk into
a Corner of the Stage, and there die contented.

Nor is it with any little Pride that I return to that Post,
when it gives me the Occasion of writing my self,

My Lord,

Your Lordships most Humble

and most Devoted Servant,

E. SETTLE.

The

THE
E P I L O G U E

Spoken by Mrs. K N I G H T.

Written by Mr. M O N T F O R T.

What! Almox at our dull whining Play!
Can no Love please you in an honest way?
Consider, 'tis but only here we Act it,
When we are our selves, we don't so much affect it.
Women admire Inconstancy like you,
Both in their Love, and their Religion too.
Variety is acceptable to all,
Dying for one, hang't, 'tis unnatural.
They value neither Principle nor Beauty.
He that pays most and best performs his Duty ;
Ne're fear, so long your Ladies will be true to ye. }
But this is nothing, Gallants, to our Poet,
He knows you've Malice, and he fears you'll show it.
In vain the hopes of pleasing you we cherish,
You hate the Author, and the Play must perish.
If so, my Masters, 'tis a little hard,
Has he so Sinn'd, that he's all Mercy barr'd?
He has chang'd Sides, 'tis true, but Sirs, I pray,
Is he the only Scribbler went Astray?
No sure, he has some changeable Cameleon Brother,
He's not the only pye-bald Son of English Mother.
How're the Boxes smiles, we hope to find :
Those fair unangry Stars will be more kind.
And sure in Justice this Chast Piece will spare,
For their own Sacred Image copy'd there.

Actors

Actors Names.

<i>Isdigerdes</i> King of <i>Perſia</i> .	Mr. <i>Bowman</i> .
<i>Hormidas</i> his General and Nephew, a Christian.	Mr. <i>Montfort</i> .
<i>Theodosius</i> , a young Prince, a Christian.	Mr. <i>Powell</i> .
<i>Andas</i> , a Christian Bishop.	Mr. <i>Hodgson</i> .
<i>Cleontes</i> a jolly Lord, Foster-Father to <i>Cleomira</i> .	Mr. <i>Bright</i> .
<i>Nearchus</i> , Friend to <i>Theodosius</i> .	
<i>Otrantes</i> , a Malecontent and Conspirator against <i>Hormidas</i> .	Mr. <i>Kynaston</i> .
<i>Rugildas</i> his Confederate.	Mr. <i>Sandford</i> .
Three Persian <i>Magi</i> Priests of the Sun.	Mr. <i>Freeman</i> .
	Mr. <i>Baker</i> .
	Mr. <i>Verkruggan</i> .
An Infant Son of <i>Hormidas</i> .	
<i>Artaban</i> ,	
<i>Gobrias</i> ,	
<i>Briomar</i> ,	Persians.
<i>Ortagan</i> ,	
<i>Orundana</i> , Daughter of <i>Isdigerdes</i> .	Mrs. <i>Barry</i> .
<i>Cleomira</i> , Wife of <i>Hormidas</i> , a Lady of an unknown Birth, a Christian.	Mrs. <i>Bracegirdle</i> .
<i>Doranthe</i> , Sister to <i>Otrantes</i> , and Wife to <i>Cleontes</i> .	Mrs. <i>Corey</i> .
<i>Celinda</i> ,	
and	VVomen to <i>Cleomira</i> .
<i>Lorella</i> ,	
Guards, Attendants, &c.	
Scene Babylon.	

A C T . I.

The Princess Orundana, attended by Women.

Orund. I'ST not enough that I am born t' a Crown,
Heiress of *Persia*, Heiress to so large
A share of the divided Globe, those vast
Extended Bounds of Empire, that our God
The Sun, with his wing'd Courfers of the Skies,
Makes almost half his Mornings Race to travel?
And to all these I have a King and Father
That reigns the Terror of the World, whose Sword
Cuts with so keen an Edge that registring Fame
Has blunted her tir'd Pen but to Record
The Kingdoms he has won: And yet not all
Those strong Foundations of Imperial Glory,
Not all these rooted Pillars can support me.
A bold Supplanter of my Blood and Birth-right
Stands ready with the very lighted Brand
To set my Royal Pyramid a blazing.

Enter Otrantes.

Otrant. Health to the fair Divinity of *Persia*,
Health to your Hopes, your Fame, your Peace, your Glory.
Now your just Title's heard; your pond'rous Cause
Has turn'd the Ballance of Almighty Justice,
And all the Smiles of ever-favouring Providence
Declare for *Orundana*! This blest day
Brings home the haughty Rival of your Birth,
And yields him to your Pow'r.

Orund. Yes, kind *Otrantes*,
I have at last unseal'd the deafen'd Ears
Of the Incredulous King; so haunted him
With the long Gorgon of his Daughters Wrongs,
That now, his Eyes enlightened by my dangers,
He sees this towring Eagle mount too high,
And is resolv'd to clip his soaring Wings.

Otrant. Clip 'em! Yes, that great work th' impending Weight
Of your avenging Influence has begun
Already.

Orund. True, *Otrantes*: Was't not worthy
My great Revenge to have the haughty Insolent
Call'd home i'th' height of all his brightest Victories?

No less than the proud Empire of the West
 Just truckling to his Sword ; the lost *Arcadus*,
 A Successor of the Immortal *Constantine*,
 Half totter'd from his Throne ! Was it not brave
 To work my jealous Father to recal him
 Just in that glorious Hour ?

Otrant. Yes, Madam, to recal him in the head of
 Two Hundred Thousand conquering *Perians*, almost
 Entring the very Gates of *Constantinople* ;
 To rein his proud Triumphant Chariot back,
 Just driving to so vast a Grove of Laurels,
 Was such a check to his Ambitious Pride —
 But he deserves it all.

Orund. Deserves it ? *Traytor* !
 'Tis true he's Nephew to the Crown ; his Veins
 Run Royal Blood, and next my nearer self
 He's Heir of *Peria* ; but t' ascend her Throne,
 Whilst my Imperial interposing Birth-right
 Confronts his impious Plea, is that loud Treason —

Otrant. Alas ! His Treason is not half so monstrous
 As th' Hypocritical Mask that covers it.
 Methinks I hear him still (for I shall never
 Forget the Artful Accents) when his Arm
 Claspt round my Neck, and with a heaving Sigh,
 As deep as if a Pang of Conscience breath'd it,
 He cryed — 'Tis hard my Friend, 'tis very hard
 T' exclude her from a Throne. But do not think
 A lawless wish of wild Ambition turns
 This mighty Hinge : Far, far be that vile Taint
 Ev'n from my Souls least Thought. No, my *Oirantes*,
 Necessity, invincible Necessity,
 The Exigence of State, an Empires Safety,
 And the Worlds Peace Command it.

Orund. Exquisite Fiend !
Otrant. 'Tis true, she's Heires of the Crown of *Peria* !
 And the great Blood of Royal *Isdigerdes*
 Fills her rich Veins with an Immortal Treasure ;
 And t' heap the Mass Divine, she has so much Beauty,
 A second *Alexander* might be proud to kneel to,
 To raise a Race of Monarchs for the Universe.
 But still she's but a Woman : and the Scepter,
 The *Perian* Scepter weilded by a Woman !

Orund. A Woman ! Death, a Woman ! Can the Villain
 Forget that the great Foundres of our Empire
Semiramis her self was but a Woman !
Semiramis, That rais'd the wondrous Walls
 Of our proud *Babylon* ; *Semiramis*

That reign'd, so reign'd ; and tho' no more than Woman,
 Stands that recorded all Divine Original
 That Pettyer Kings, her poorer Successors,
 Shine but like waning borrowing Moons beneath her ;
 Their boasted Manhoods all but fainter Copies
 Of one unimitable Female Glory.

And what does the false Slave read in my Eyes,
 But that the glorious *Orundana* wears
 A Soul, can buoy up Empire to a height,
 Sublime, as e're the proud *Semiramis* rais'd it ?

Otrant. Madam, I fear I have too rudely moved
 Your Royal Genius with this hated Subject ;
 When I have so often tired your sacred Patience
 With the ungrateful sounds.

Orund. So often ! No,
 Id'e have my Wrongs alarum'd in my Ears,
 Repeated oftner than my very Prayers ;
 It whets my Vengeance keen, the Edge wou'd rust else.
 She who wou'd sing Revenge must play the watchful *Philomel* ;
 Hold the sharp pointed Thorn against her Breast
 To keep her Ayres awake.

Otrant. To my best Wishes !
 My excellent Royal Engine !

[Aside.

Orund. Yes, *Otrantes*,
 If Vengeance be the God's, and as they say,
 There's Musick in their Sphears ; 'tis sure, Revenge,
 That fills th' Immortal Harmony : I am certain
 Were I a God, and fate to tune the Stars,
 Seraphick Raptures, Beatifick Visions,
 Angelick Blifs, and Everlasting Quires,
 All, all together joyn'd, Divine Revenge
 Would sound a Note below thee.

Enter Persian *Magi*.

¹ *Mag.* Royal Madam !
 We come the Harbingers to Fortune's Minion ,
 The proud *Hormidas*, who returns Triumphant,
 Like a tall Vessel, bounding as he moves
 With his gay Flags, and all his glittering Streamers.

Orund. Yes, Gaudy Thing ! his glittering Streamers fly ;
 But when I raise the Mountain Waves beneath him :
 When Fate is in the Wind, and the rough Billows
 Beat Ruine round his Head ; then tell me
 What glittering thing you find him.

² *Mag.* True, bright Heroine !
 Wake, wake our Altar's Champion, and your own ;
 Consider how th' effeminate Indulgence
 Of our tame Monarch has supinely suffer'd

An upstart Christian Sect of Worshippers
 To spread a Canker'd Weed through his whole Empire ;
 Whilst this Aspirer, their Apostate Leader
 Mounts up their Faction's Head, his whole Ambition
 Too rank a Cyon from that Root, Religion. i

3 Mag. Thus with your Birthright, th' Empire of our God
 Is threatened too, and this Gigantick Rebel
 At once dares Battail Heaven and *Orundana*.

Orund. Yes ; Let the Audacious Rebel Battail Heav'n,
 And Heav'n as tamely bear't : But from that hour
 He durst but lift a Thought against my Head,
 I have hoarded up those Shafts, those Bolts of Vengeance,
 Shall strike him Headlong, plunging, sinking, drowning,
 Below where Heav'n has even the Thought of punishing.

Enter the King, and the Christian Bishop Audas. Guards and Attendants.

King. Well, Christian, for your Prayers you have my Thanks ;
 And if that Power, you kneel to, has stood up
 That Friend and Champion of my Throne ; to shew you
 His Favours are not wholly undeserv'd,
 Our kind Protection of your Christian Altars
 Has paid the Debt we owe.

Bish. Yes, Royal Sir ;
 Your kind Protection of our Christian Altars
 Stands your Recorded Monument. In all
 Those Thousand and Ten Thousand Christian Profelytes,
 Throug all your spacious flourishing *Perſian* Empire,
 Not one Knee bends to the Eternal Throne
 Without a Prayer for Royal *Isdigerdes*.

1 Mag. That croaking Poysoner hanging at his Ear !
 All is not well, my Brother, when that Night-Bat
 Hovers so close there. [*Aside, whispering to the other Mag.*]

Bish. Yes, Illustrious Monarch ;
 By you our Christian Incense perfumes Heav'n ;
 And Heav'n in its just Gratitude points down
 Its pendant Blessings on your darling Brow.
 Does your Sword vanquish, and enrolling Fame
 Swell Volumes with your Conquests ? Does the World
 Tremble before you ? Yes, the Christians God
 Leads forth your Hosts, and combats on your fide.
 Renown and Victory are sworn your Vassals,
 And 'tis the Trump of Angels sounds your Glory. [*Trumpets and Shouts.*]

Enter Rulgildas.

Rulgild. Dread Sir, a Quire of Universal Joy
 And echoing Triumph fill these Sacred Walls ;
 The great *Hormidas* your Victorious General,
 Saluted with resounding *Io Peans*,
 Welcom'd with all the Breath of Fame, returns.

Bish. Yes Sir, this shining Leader of your Arms returns :
 And if his rowling Glory as it moves,
 Gathers the Tribute of the World before him,
 He begs Admittance as your faithful Treasurer,
 To unload the splendid Mafs, his Hoard of Honours
 At their great Masters Sacred Royal Feet.

Orund. Rhetorical Priest, there needs not all this Flourish :
 His Actions speak themselves without a Trumpet.

Enter Hormidas, Theodosius, and Attendants. [Trumpets.]

Horm. My Royal Lord, Thus kneeling, and Thus blefs'd, [Kneels]
 From all my humble Pilgrimage of Honour,
 My poorer Race of Fame, and Toys of War,
 Translated to this more exalted Glory,
 'Tis here I Crown my consummated Blis.

King. Rise, my *Hormidas*, Rise.

Horm. No, my Dread Lord,

I have a second Duty yet unpaid:
 That Sovereign Fair, the Rising Star of Empire,
 Commands my bended Knee

[To Orundana.]

Orund. No, rise *Hormidas*:

You that command the Knees of Nations, stand
 Adorn'd with Wreaths too proud to stoop thus low.

Horm. Proud, Madam ! If I am proud 'tis when I kneel : [rises.]
 Proud, that from conquer'd Kingdoms I bring home
 A Homager to the Imperial *Orundana*.

Orund. A Homager ! Fawning Infidel !

[aside.]

Horm. But Sir,
 E're I present you with your meaner Laurels,
 First let me tender you the proudest Trophy
 Of all your Dazzling Glories, this Young Prince,
 Heir to the Western Empire.

[presents him] *Theodosius*.

King. Theodosius !
 The Great Arcadiu's Son ! True, kind *Hormidas*,
 This is indeed my proudest Trophy.

Theod. Oh Sir,
 Take heed how you receive me from that Hand.
 No, let me give my self; for the too Generous
Hormidas will but over-prize the Present.

Horm. Returning in your Conquering Armies Head,
 (At your Command) with this surprizing Present,
 This more surprizing Embassie was sent me.

Go, Valiant Leader, and returning tell
 Your Master, that Triumphant Persian Monarch,
 His Vanquish'd Enemy, charm'd with the Glories
 Of his Illustrious Conqueror, presents him
 His Son and Empires Heir, his Pupil and his Nursery :

That rais'd and train'd up in the School of Honour,
Under so great a Master in the Art
Of War, as the Invincible *Isdigerdes*,
He may wash off a blushing Empires shame,
The Son Retrieve that Faine the Father lost.

Theod. Yes Sir, from my own Native barr'ner Soyl
Of Glory, his kind Hand transplants me here,
Into your warmer Sun, your fairer Royal Garden,
T' enrich my humbler Growth; and bids me tell you
An Enemy begs this Royal Grace.

King. An Enemy !
No, from this hour a Friend. Oh kind *Arcadius* !
So generous and so vast a Trust has cancell'd
The Name of Foe, and a new Bond of Honour
Ties my Eternal Friendship. Yes, Dear Prince,
Come to my Arms, my Arms, thou dear Adoption; [Embracing *Theodosius*.
A Father gives thee, and a Father takes thee.

Orund. The Western Empires Heir ! Methinks there's something
Whispers my Pride, and tells me that the Crowns [aside, looking on
Of *Constantine* and *Cyrus* joyn'd together
Would make a Chaplet worthy of my wearing.

King. But, my *Hormidas*, while I treat thee as
A Conqueror, I forget to Impeach thee as
A Criminal.

Horm. A Criminal !

King. Yes, *Hormidas*,
I have a Charge against thee of so black
A Die, as Sullies all thy Victories.
There have been busie Whispers in my Ears,
That thou aspirest to bar my Daughters Birthright.

Horm. How ; my Dread Sovereign !

King. That the bold *Hormidas*
Aspires to wrest th'Imperial Persian Diadem
From my succeeding Daughters rightful Brow,
And on his own plant my devolving Crown?

Horm. A Traitor !

Oh my bleeding Fame ! Is this,
This the Reward of all my Faithful Services ?
Ah Madam ! whilst this frightful Load lies on me,
The conquering Thousands I have led to Battle,
To hew out Deathless Monumental Statues
To *Orundana*'s bright succeeding Glory,
At the dire sound of this stupendious Forgery,
Will blush a deeper Scarlet than their Swords
E're dy'd to win you Crowns ! Not shall the World
Start only at the sound ; the bright Commission'd Ministers,
The Angel Guardians of the Life of Majesty,

Hear not this fowl polluting Calumny,
But tremble at the impious Execration.

King. If thou wert innocent, *Hormidas*—

Horm. If I were innocent! — Name me my Accuser.

Ah Royal Sir, if the traducing Monster,
Whose foul-mouth'd Falsehood and invenom'd Malice
Durst stab the Honour of your Faithful Soldier,
Be an incarnate Fiend that walks in Flesh;
Oh name him, name him to my just Revenge,
That my keen Sword may hunt him through the World,
And prove my Truth on his false perjur'd Heart.

King. No, my young Son of War, reserve your Sword
For Nobler Foes. Let it suffice, we have not
Been over credulous, nor fondly lent
A listning Ear to this vile Imputation.

Horm. Ah Sir! perhaps this Poysoner of my Fame,
This Dunghil Snake, is some poor low-born Wretch;
Below the Vengeance of my Arm, a Nephew
T'your own rich Veins th' Imperial Blood of *Perseus*,
And you're ashame'd that I should stoop to punish him.

King. Yes, my *Hormidas*, he's below your Sword,
A Slave unworthy—

Horm. Is that all? Unworthy!
No, Royal Sir, let not that bar your Justice;
Take all my Titles, all my Wreaths of Glory;
Unplume me, rifle me, degrade me. Oh!
Be kind, and strip me naked, that my Sword
May right my Honour by the Traitor's Blood.

2 Mag. Gods! How he talks? But oh dread Sir! consider,
The mightiest sounds come from the hollowest Hearts. [To the King.
Ah wou'd you but believe! —

King. Wou'd I believe, my saucy Conscience-Driver!
What if I can't believe? Who made you Lords
Over the Faith of Kings?

1 Mag. Foolhardy Babler!
Is this a time for talking?

[Aside to the other Mag.

King. Well, my Souldier,
To hold the Ballance even, I will not lodge
A Thought against thy Truth. But to perform
The Duty of a Father and a King;
To Morrow early in our great *Pyreum*,
The sacred Temple of our God the Sun
Lighted with burning Victims, and perfum'd
With solemn Odours, be it your charge to publish
Our *Orundana*, Our Imperial Daughter's
Succession to our Throne, that we may bind
The Homage of succeeding Generations,

[To the Mag.

And point 'em where to kneel when we are Dust.

Horm. Now you are God-like good.
Yes, Sir, Proclaim your *Orundana's* Birth-Right,
With all that bright inaugurating Lustre,
Rites so sublime, and Jubilees so loud,
As not Remoter Worlds alone shall hear,
But th' Echoing Vault of Heav'n repeat the sound :
And tho' th' unfortunate *Hormidas* cannot
Be an assisting Minister at your Altars,
I'll pay my humbler Duty at my own —
Yes, hear me Men, and listning Angels witness,
My very Prayers, the seconds to my Sword,
I'll wrestle Heav'n, as I have battail'd Earth,
For Blessings on that Brow.

King. Enough my Warriour.

Enter Cleomira, Cleontes and Doranthe.
Come my Imperial Charge —

[To Theodosius.

Hormid. My *Cleomira* !

[running to embrace her.

King. My Breast and Empires Guest ! My Court has Honours
To pay thee ; and the bending Genius
Of the proud *Babylon* waits to salute thee. [*Exeunt King Theodosius,*
Guards, Attendants, &c.

Manent only Hormidas, Cleomira, Cleontes and Doranthe.

Cleom. And am I blest once more !

Hormid. Thou softest Beauty !
So full my Soul, so vast my Joys, beyond
The Circle of thete Arms, Ambition has not
A Wish, Delight a Rapture, Life a Blessing,
Or Earth a Crown to give !

Cleom. Oh ! That thete melting Eyes and kind Embraces
Could hold thee ever fast ! Hold thee so fast
That envious Glory from the Arms of Love
Should never snatch thee more.

Hormid. Envyous Glory !

Yes, My fair Life, in all my Chace of Honour,
Such diffant and divorcing Worlds between us ;
There's not a Laurel I have won in Battle,
But I have bought it at no les a price,
Than thousand thousand Sighs for *Cleomira*.

Cleom. If such thy Sighs, think what my Tears have been ;
Think with what waiting Patience I have watched
The trickling Sand of Time's slow Glas, and counted
The numbed Minutes o're a whole long Year,
So thoughtful Sorrow, and so wishing Love.

Doranthe. Amongst the greeting Joys and echoing Shouts,
For your Return, we come, Illustrious Prince,
To tender your our Loyal Welcome too,

When

When Love permits you leisure to receive it. (Wishes for you ;

Cleont. Yes Sir, 'mongst the stout Bowls, crown'd Healths and hearty

You must accept our Mite in part of payment.

Horm. *Doranthe*, and the good old kind *Cleontes*,

The Honour'd Father to my beauteous Princess,

(For I must call you so) thus let me pay you — [Kneels to them.

Cleont. Rise Prince for shame, I am not half Father

Enough to her, to deserve all this Homage :

Were she my own Flesh and Blood I might say something to it ;

But Pox of thesee Foster Fathers ; this rearing of

Children by Adoption : We have all the pains in bringing 'em

Up, without the pleasure of getting 'em.

Had I got thee my self, dear Rogue —

[To Cleom.

[Aside.

Doranthe. Thou get her ! No ; she has nobler Veins than thine.

Horm. But, Oh my Love ! I have strange Newes to tell thee ;

I have play'd a wondrous Game : whilst I have won

Renown abroad, I have lost it here at home :

Some whispering Slanderers, (wouldst thou believe it ?)

To blacken my fair Truth, have told the King

That I am an Aspirer.

Cleom. An Aspirer !

Horm. Yes, My dear Sweetnes, to divert the Crown

From *Orundana*'s Brow.

Cleom. 'Tis very hard,

That such unsported Faith shou'd be thus blemisht

Horm. True, I' st not hard ? Perhaps 't has reacht thy Ear.

What hast thou heard the censuring World talk of me ?

Cleom. I hear, my Lord ? No ; In thy mournful absence

The World and I have been such strangers, that

My Prayers and Love have been my sole Companions.

Alas ! I have only talkt to Heav'n and thee.

Enter Otrantes.

[Aside.

Horm. That hated Slave here !

Otrant. Sir, Perhaps you'll wonder

In your congratulated Victories,

To see me one amongst the bending Croud.

I must confess, I have born hardships from you

Wou'd shake a Saint ; but that I can forget 'em,

Th' attesting Gods, and th' Honour I still pay you

Stand my Record.

Horm. Substantial Testimony ;

If I durst take the Credit of the Voucher.

Otrant. 'Tis true, I have had sufferings and severe ones ;

For after more than twenty years a Souldier,

And a Commander too, to be cashier'd,

Disgracefully cashiered like me, i'th' Head of

Two hundred thousand Witnesses, was hard ;

But this I can forget.

Horm. No, Sir, Remember it
To my Recorded Justice, you deserv'd,
And had what you deserv'd.

Otrant. Deserv'd !

Horm. Deserv'd.

And 'twas my Mercy that that publick shame
Compounded for your Life, your forfeit Life.
Did you not wrong the Souldiers of their pay ?
A Robbery more infamous than that
That hangs the midnight Cut'throat on a Gibbet.

Otrant. Alas Sir ! What if once, once in a Life,
Some pressing Chance or personal Misfortune
Forced that unwilling Trip : The kind *Hormidas*
Mght sure have wink'd at greater Faults in me ;
Some more than common grains of Mercy sure
Might have been shown me for that Beauty's sake.

Horm. For hers ?

Otrant. For the fair *Cleomira*'s sake.
Who raised that beauteous Envy of all Eyes,
And Darling of your own, but kind *Otrantes* ?
Who crown'd your Love in those dear Arms ? *Otrantes*,
Who but *Otrantes* the Original Founder
Of all your boundleſs Joys ? Was not the Mother
Of this then unborn *Cleomira*,
Now almost twenty Years, took by my Sword
A Captive in the *Alexandrian Wars* ?

Horm. Perhaps she was.

Otrant. And the young *Cleomira*,
The Offspring of an unknown Father, then
The Burthen of her Captive Mother's Womb,
When born, in pity by my Hand committed
To the indulgent care of that kind Sister, [pointing to Doranthe]
Now the Honourable Wife of this most Noble Lord ?

Horm. 'Tis true, all this I own.

Otrant. And if

The growing Love of this kind, more than Father
Adopted her his own, bred her in all
The Splendor of the most exalted Blood,
Adorn'd her gay in all the shining Beams
Of a Court-star, till she subdu'd
The great *Hormidas*'s Heart ; was't not by me ?
And for my sake this generous Lord —

Cleont. Your sake !

Fair and softly, good Brother-in-law ; a little for your sake
I confess, but a great deal more for her own,
For let me tell you, my Lord,

[to Hormidas.]
She

She grew the sweetest, well-favour'd, and the most vertuous
Little Rogue—

So fair, my Lord, so lovely and so witty,
No Cherubim was ever half so pretty.

Otrant. Cou'd not this Merit plead a little for me?
And soften your unkindness to *Otrantes*!

Horm. 'Tis true, thou hast done all this for *Cleomira* ;
And yet, (I know not why) I cannot love thee ;

A strange aversion rooted in my Soul
Sets thee the eternal Object of my loathing ;
As if some darting Blast, some secret Poyson
Shot from thy Eyes, and swell'd me at the sight.

Cleom. Alas my Lord ! nor can I see that Face,
But something rises in my Blood against him,
More than against even my most mortal Enemy ;
For Enemies my Religion bids me love.
But at his sight, methinks my disturb'd Fancy
Walks Ghastly like a restless Ghost, about
Some hidden Treasure lock't from mortal knowledge.

Doranth. Yes, sweet wrong'd Innocence, thy true Princely Veins *[aside.]*
That, that's the hidden Treasure that must lie
Lock't and seal'd up for ever.

Cleom. Sure, *Otrantes*,
Thou hast strangely wrong'd me, or th' immortal Goodness,
The Guardian of my Soul would never suffer
These aking Thoughts against thee.

Horm. If he has wrong'd thee
Be't to his own black Conscience— But because
Thou seemst to come suppliant for my favour
The Grace thou seekst thou shalt obtain ; and that
The greatest I can give, which is, to shun
That hated Face, and never see thee more. *[Exeunt Hormidas, Cleomira.]*

[to Otrant.]

Manet Otrantes solus.

Otrant. Nor thy more hated Face will I e're see,
Unless to cover it with greater shame
Than e'er thou heapest on me. I owe thee Ruine ;
Yes, Priace, I owe't, nor will I die thy Debtor.

Enter Rugildas.

Otrant. My honest Ingineer, the kind *Rugildas* !

Rug. Yes Sir, your sweating Cyclops at the Anvil.

Otrant. But, oh my Friend, this unbelieving King,
I am afraid, his cooling Jealousie
Stands strong against us, and our great Design
Has Crags and Rocks to work through.

Rug. Why this Fear ?

Otrant. Alas, all's hush't ; the Prince's Succession
I' th' Temple of our Sun proclaim'd to morrow.

Rug. Proclaim'd to Morrow ! No, that fatal Morrow

Our Sun shall never see. Oh, my *Otrantes*,
 I have a Plot would rouze thy drooping Vengeance
 Even from a Grave. What say'st thou if that Temple
 Its blazing Roof in one bright Conflagration,
 Before to Morrows Sun shall lie in Ashes.

Otrant. Oh this rich Thought !

Rugild. I tell thee, Friend, to night
 The Temple of our Sun shall burn by me,
 And the whole Christian Race bleed for't to morrow.

Otrant. This is a Master-stroke !

Rug. Yes, my *Otrantes*.

Otrant. I am all Rapture !

Rug. T'increase your Transport,
 Of all the whole Artillery of Fate ;
 See here the keenest Shaft. The very Temple
 Doom'd to one burning Pile, and great *Hormidas*
 Himself the leading Firebrand.

[giving *Otrantes* a Paper.]

Otrant. [reads.]

My Orders are, That in the silence and dead of Night you set their Temple on fire ; in which be silent as you prize my favour. Burn but their Temple, and the Kingdom is our own. For which deserving Service expect a suitable Reward from Hormidas.

Excellent Forgery !

Rug. Forgery ! No, his own,
 His own Hand-writing.

Otrant. Gods ! his own Hand-writing !

Oh how ! when ? where ? speak, I am lost in wonder.

Rug. No more that Question now : Leave your kind *OEdipus*,
 T'expound that Riddle at a leisure hour.
 Let it suffice he writ it ; and the King
 By my own Spectacles shall read it. — This
 Dear Paper by some dextrous Conveyance,
 Lodg'd in the Pocket of their leading Sanctity,
 Their bearded Holiness, the Christian Bishop,
 And by wise Conduct seiz'd and found about him,
 Like a fly Snake from a kind Furies Head,
 Oh think but how 'twill hiss and how 'twill sting !

Otrant. Let me embrace thee for this pregnant Mischief :
 The great *Minerva* from the brain of *Jove*
 Was not a Birth like this.

Rugild. Yes proud *Hormidas*,
 This for my Brothers Blood I owe thee, murdered
 By thy Tyrannick Justice, merciless Judge ;
 His Gibbet and my shame, owe thee this payment.

Otrant. Now dear Revenge, the glittering Ore behold,
 For through this Mine we dig to Veins of Gold.

Finis Actus Primi.

A C T

A C T. II.

Enter Otrantes and Rugildas.

Otrant. 'T IS done, 'tis done ! see that dear heap of Ruines.
Oh Divine Vengeance ! To ignobler Deities
Let humbler Zealots common Victims burn,
Temples themselves are thy more shining Sacrifice.

Rug. Nay, for the glorious Consummation of
Our prosperous Design, the very Christians,
By an officious Zeal to quench the Fire,
Thrust their own Necks into the fatal ToyL ;
Even their own Innocence, by our manag'd Clamours,
Transform'd into the very Guilt that damns 'em.
But see the King.

Enter King, Orundana, two of the Magi, Guards, &c.

Otrant. Yes, my *Rugildas*,
He comes, and with that Lightning in his Eyes, !
So hot the raging Fever of his Blood,
As if the very Brand that burnt his Temple
Had made a Transmigration, and his Soul
Was animated by that only Fire.

[Enter King, &c.]

King. Sulphur and Hell ! My Royal Temple burnt,
And the accur sed Christian Brood the Firebrands !

1 Mag. Yes, Sacred Sir, our Waking God of Day
Reins his hot Steeds, and mounts his morning Chariot,
To see that Sacilegious Mass of Villany,
The dire Remains of that black Night of Treason,
That his long Race from the created World
Ne're drove a Round more frightful.

2 Mag. Oh Dread Sir,
If ever Treason wore a Gorgons Face,
Whose very sight would kill, turn, turn your Eyes
rom yon Amazing Heap.

Otrant. Sound on, sound on,
My kind Church Trumpeters, rouze him to Blood.
Mischief strikes sure, where bellowing Zeal's the Alarum-Bell.

[aside to the Magi.]

King. Oh kind *Otrantes*, couldst thou have believed
That the warm Snakes nurst in my very Bosom
Should sting like these ungrateful Christian Infidels !

Otrant. Alas ! th' amazing Story sounds so dismal,
As even my frightened Reason trembles at it.
Such a Return for all your Royal Favours !

King. My Royal Favours ! Yes, they have requited them !
Oh, I have rais'd a Race of such Barbarians.

Not 'Egypt's smiling Sun on *Nilus* fertile Slime
Er'e hatcht so black and so deform'd a Brood.

Enter third Magus with the Christian Bishop feiz'd.

3 Mag. To all this horrid Scene of Christian Outrage,
See here their leading Engin of Perdition !
And Sir, to track the poysous Fountain Head,
Read that dire Scrawl feiz'd in his Pocket,
To find the very Dam, the brooding Cockatrice
To the whole nest of Monsters; read that Paper.

King. [Reads.]

Burn the Temple and the Kingdom is our own; for which deserving Service expect a suitable Reward from

Hormidas.

Orund. Hormidas !

King. Yes, My *Orundana*: Hell
Here opes its Cabinet; and wild Ambition,
Drawn to th' full life, stands blazon'd in its whole
Infernal Colours.

Bishop. Oh, sacred Sir ! if e're your Royal Justice
Would lend a pitying Ear to wounded Innocence — —

King. Innocence ! No doubt ! See here a hopeful sample on't.

Bishop. No Sir, that lying Paper's all lewd Fiction,
Cheat, rank Imposture; and my righteous Soul
More fill'd with wonder than your own with Horror,
Knows nought of that false Scrawl. How writ, how feiz'd,
How lodg'd about me, all a Mystery
As dark — —

King. Yes, Reverend Impudence, as dark
As the black Soul oth' Traytor that receiv'd it,
And blacker Devil that sent it.

Rug. Now it works.

Bishop. Oh, hear me, Sir — —

Orund. Do ; Hear the croaking Raven
Stretch his false Throat, and strain his treacherous Lungs
To tune his warbling Notes to Truth and Innocence.

1 Mag. I Sir, such Innocence,
Such Truth, as starting Fiends would blush at ; one
Of his Commission'd Imps i'th' very Fact
I feiz'd, and threatening him with Wracks and Tortures,
The trembling Wretch turn'd pale, and in the Fright
Confest the Guilt : Told me his Prince and Bishop
Ordered this burning Pile.

Bishop. I order'd it !

1 Mag. Yes, Thou : So said the Slave ; and what he acted,
Was but Obedience to divine Command.

King. Divine Commands ! Ye Oracles of Darknes !

1 Mag. And Sir, as I was bringing him before you

[Gives a Paper. Wh

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To extort the whole Conspiracy, the Villain
Toucht with a sense of his uncover'd shame,
His babling fear that had so prodigally
Unlockt the hideous Plot, drew forth a Dagger
Unmatcht, and struck it to his own false Heart.

Bishop. What dares not Falshood breath !

Orund. Now, where's the Christian Innocence ?

King. Where ? Daughter !

per. Where it shall groan in Blood, My *Orundana*.

Oh thou shalt see me knot those Whips of Vengeance !

wing Rug. But, Father, Was there really that Christian

Confest the burning of the Temple ? Gods ! [Aside to the Mag.

Can there be Truth — — —

1 Mag. Truth Fool ! Is't not enough

The Reputation of my holy Robe

[Aside in answer to Rug.

Delivers it for Truth ?

Rug. Thou art i'th' right o'nt,

This Reverend Rogue outshoots my Bolt of Villany.

[Aside.

Bishop. Oh Royal Sir ! Take heed to what strange Precipice

This wicked Spirit of Delusion, these

Misleading Meteors guide your wandring Faith ;

That I am true, the whole bright Host of Heaven,

Immortal Truth it self can witness for me.

But oh ! What dare not the seer'd Consciences

Of harden'd Falshood speak, when their great Prompter,

The Father of all Lies, has steel'd their Foreheads !

King. No ; Thou fair painted Saint ! What is't the bold

Black Hands of Rampant Zeal dare not commit,

When an Enthusiastick Altar-Coal

Lights the Infernal Brand ? But I am too patient.

But haste, take hence the Missioner of Hell

And hang him on a Gibbet.

Orund. Godlike Monarch !

King. Yet stay ; one word of Comfort e're thou dyest ;

With thy descending Soul this pleasure bear ;

Thou shalt not walk the burning Plains alone,

A wandring unattended Ghost ; I'll send thee

A thousand and a thousand bleeding Followers.

I tell thee, Priest, in all the Christian Blood

That the renown'd immortal *Aero* shed,

His poorer *Roman* Sacrifices shall be

But Scars to the more gaping *Persian* Wounds.

Bishop. And let me tell thee King, in all these Wounds,

Thou shalt not hear a Groan. Oh thou shalt view

The beauteous Face of Martyrdom so lovely,

With all those Bridal Smiles upon her Cheek,

Led to a Stake like Virgins to a Temple :
 And in thy hottest persecuting Fires,
 When thou shalt see our Earthly Dross fall from us,
 Our Rags of Flesh unstrip for Robes of Glory,
 Oh thou shalt hear our cheerful dying Notes
 Tun'd to Angelick Quires, Celestial Harmony,
 Whilst each rich Drop from our exhausted Veins
 Shall shine that Ruby in our Starry Coronets,
 As distant Eyes so dazled shall behold,
 Till every Christian Grave, shall Nurse those Roots
 Whose Branches shall or'e-spread the Convert World.

King. I'le hear no more, To Death with the vain Babbler.

[*Exeunt Bishop and a Party of the Guards attending.*]

Orund. In this bright Justice, Sir, you look so awful ;
 My Duty will grow up into Religion,
 Mistake the Father and adore the God.

Enter Hormidas.

Horm. Oh this black Night ! What angry Providence
 Has loosed the raging Demons, to uncalm
 The Royal Brow with this mad Scene of Mischief ?

King. And does *Hormidas* come a kind Condoler
 Of his afflicted King ?

Horm. Yes, Royal Sir ;
 I know this Night's sad accident disturbs
 Your Sacred Rest ; and my each Loyal Heartstring
 Toucht with a feeling pang has brought me hither
 A duteous Mourner.

King. Does *Hormidas* mourn ?

Horm. Mourn ! My most honour'd Lord, when the rough Blast
 Can tempest-toss the Mighty Sovereign Vessel,
 The humbler Barks must drown : The Storm that shakes
 Your Peace must shipwrack mine.

King. Yes, Mourning Crocodile,
 I see a trickling Brine from those false Eyes
 To weep where thou hast betrayed. Seize, seize the Tràytor.

Horm. A Tràytor is a Name — —

King. Too humble for you.
 And in so narrow, and so poor a Title
 Perhaps, Gigantick Fiend, I have under dignified
 Your more exalted Villany.

Horm. Oh Horror !
 What sounds are these ?

King. Strange ones, no doubt, such as
 Your simple Christian Innocence knows nothing of,
 But for your Comfort, one of your rank Saints
 Already I have rewarded ; your Church-Tool,
 Your bearded Fire-ball, that Religious Compound

Of Sanctity and Sulphur, Zeal and Firebrand ;
I thank my watchful Stars, I have dispatcht that Monster.

Horm. Oh what has your mistaken Fury done ?

King. Done, Miscreant ! Only hang'd him on a Gibbet
To preach to Crows and Ravens.

Horm. Oh Barbarity !

That Reverend Piety, that unblemisht Virtue,
Cloath'd with such hideous Infamy !

King. How, Insolence !

Weepest thou his Fate, and shakest not at thy own !

Hormid. Shake ! Let the trembling Criminal Conscience shake !
I know no Guilt, and therefore feel no Fear.

But in that Venerable Holy Man

You have murder'd that poor martyr'd Innocence —

King. Murder'd ! Bold Slave ; yes, you are both such Innocents :
But to tear off the Scales from your *false* Eyelids,

T' unblind your wilful Ignorance ; read there [giving him the Paper,

My obstinate Infidel. And now,

If through that thick impenetrable Front

'Tis possible to blush —

Horm. Blush Sir !

King. Blush Traytor ?

Yes blush, if all yon guilty flaming Pile

Can warm your glowing Cheeks.

Horm. And is this Paper

Produc'd against me for the burning of

That Temple ?

King. Does that Forehead ask that Question !

Horm. Oh Sir ! To what a Labyrinth of Confusion

Has some accursed plotting Villany

Misled your abus'd Ear ! That very Paper

I writ four years ago, your General

In the *Chaldean* Wars, when for your sake

By a Martial Stratagem I burnit their Temple

Of *Jupiter*, and won their Kingdom by't.

Orund. Oh nimble witted Saint !

Rugild. Of his own Canonizing.

King. Burnt ! Yes, I own that the *Chaldean* Temple

Of *Jupiter* was burnt, but not by thee.

Do not their own still mourning Priests record it,

Burnt by a Lightning Flash from their own angry God !

Has not the univerfal Voice of Fame

Confirm'd it such, and the whole World rung loud on't ?

And darst thou say that thou —

Horm. Yes, that I burnt it,

Burnt for your sake. My Army with diseases

Half lost, my Foes too strong, my Fortune hazardous,

To save your Glory, Sir, I us'd this Stratagem :
 Knowing that the *Chaldean* Superstition
 Had founded all their Hope, their Trust, their Strength
 Upon that Temple ; their whole Confidence
 Lodg'd in their painted Shrine, and moulten God,
 I chose two trusty Hands by this Commission
 To burn their Temple. They obey'd and burnt it ;
 Whilst the *Chaldean* Army's drooping Hearts
 Lost at that mortal Shock, I won their Kingdom.

King. If for my sake this burning Feat was done,
 Pray tell me (for it's wond'rous worth my knowledge)
 Was there a Service of no less importance,
 Than winning me a Crown, and I not worthy
 To know the glorious Stratagem that gave it me
 But this Romantick Service must lie dormant
 For four long sleeping years.

Hormid. Alas ! That only Truth I durst not tell you.
 For tho' my own Religion wou'd permit me
 To burn a Temple,
 To win my King a Crown : I knew the secret,
 Tho' with the purchase of a Diadem,
 To your offended Zeal wou'd sound too impious ;
 And therefore with no less than fifty Talents
 I brib'd my very Instrument, to silence :
 And pusht this Popular Fame around the World,
 That it was burnt by Lightning, to conceal
 A Truth too dangerous for your Royal Ear.

King. A Truth ! No doubt a most stupendious one.
 This very Paper (mark him) to sum up
 This great miraculous Truth, writ four years since,
 A Military Order, found this Morning,
 I'th' Pocket of a Priest : Yes, found this Morning,
 My Temple burning, and the guilty Christians
 Caught in the Fact.

Hormid. All a false treacherous snare for your delusion
 And my undoing. But kind Heav'n I thank thee,
 One of the very Instruments, that both
 Receiv'd and executed that Commission,
 Stands here before you. Now I'll make Truth shine
 Bright as a Morning Star. Speak kind *Rugildas*,
 Say, was not the *Chaldean* Temple burnt
 By this Commission and thy Hand ?

Rug. By mine !
 I light th' unhallow'd Brand to burn a Temple !
 Oh Execrable ! I, I burn a Temple !
 Not for a Thousand Worlds.

Hormid. How's this ! *Rugildas* !

Perhaps thy jealous Fear t' offend a King
 Seals up thy silence, and thou darst not owne
 Thou burnst a Temple. No, let not that fright thee.
 Alas! the King's too generous ——

King. Yes, *Rugildas.*

If thou hast ought within thy knowldg, utter it;
 Speak Truth, tho' ne'r so black; speak it, and meet
 My Favour not my Frown.

Horm. Oh speak! *Rugildas.*

Rug. Sir, wou'd you have me say, I burnt that Temple?

Horm. I'd have thee say what thy Soul knows thou oughtst to say.

Rug. Alas! dear Prince, so much I honour you,
 That with my Blood, my Life, I'd freely serve you!
 But with a Lye I dare not. Own I burnt
 A Shrine of the Immortal Gods. My Hand
 Commit that Impious, that Outrageous Sacrilege!
 Alas! I tremble at the very name on't.

Enter Theodosius.

Horm. Oh, thou vile Wretch!

King. Now, wher's your shining Truth, your Morning Star?

Horm. By Earth forsaken, and by Man betray'd!
 Yet Heav'n, Heav'n knows my Soul; there my recorded
 Innocence —— Oh for some generous pitying Power,
 Some kind attesting Angel ——

King. Attesting Angels!
 Yes Fiend, such Angels as thy self, the black
 Infernal Crew, who, for their uplift Hands
 Against their Sovereign omnipotent Head,
 Fell headlong, hurl'd into the smoaking Lake,
 And burnt and groan'd as thou shalt —— such, such Angels
 May be thy pleading Advocates.

Theod. Oh, Sir!
 Take heed how you condemn the brave *Hormidas*:
 His Loyal Faith and Noble Virtue ——

King. Virtue!
 Thou art too young, sweet Prince, to sound the Depths
 Of Treason.

Theod. I dare pawn my Birth-right for him,
 He's honest.

King. No, kind Prince, pledge not thy Glory
 On a Security so weak.

Theod. Alas! Sir,
 The very Principles of his Religion
 Forbid so dire a Thought.

King. In such black Treason,
 Religion's but a mask, an outside Varnish
 To the rank Brats within.

Theod. But Royal Sir !

King. I tell thee, Prince, his Doom's irrevocable ;
His too notorious Guilt has light my hottest
Vengeance, and thou plead'st in vain.

Horm. If you've decreed my Death —

King. Death ! No, I know
That thou dar'st dye. Death's but the pain of Cowards.
Death for thy punishment ! That puny Torment !
No ; Thou shalt live ; wear a long life, proud Traytor,
To bear a lasting weighty Load of Vengeance.

Horm. A lingring Life, my long, long Execution !
Yes, angry King, heap up your wrathful Coals
Till they outpile proud *Etna's* smoaking Furnace ;
And thou shalt see my suffering Truth undaunted
Walk o're the Mountain *Ordeal*.

King. Slaves, away with him :

So preacht th'old canting Fool before him : [*Exit Hormidas guarded.*
Drive on bright Charioteer ; nor shine less kind !
For tho' in heaps thy ruin'd Temple lies,
Thy Altar's lost, I'll find thee Sacrifice.

[*Exeunt King, Magi, Attendants, &c.*
Manent soli Theodosius and Orundana.

Theod. Stay, stay, bright Excellence.

Orund. Young Prince !

Theod. Ah Madam !

If Mercy's an Inhabitant of Earth,
Sure with the Fair it dwells, the softest Attribute
Lodg'd in the sweetest tenderest Divinity.
And if all other deaf relentless Ears
Are bar'd to the unpityed poor *Hormidas*,
May I not hope the gentler *Orundana* —

Orund. Plead'st thou for Mercy to *Hormidas* ? Mercy
To the Ambition of that proud Aspirer !
I tell thee, Prince, the headlong *Phaeton*
Fell not so low, as shall that tumbling Traytor.
His burning World pull'd not that Vengeance down
As shall my burning Temple.

Theod. Beauteous Cruelty !

What do I hear ! And oh what do I feel !

Guard, guard my Heart.

Orund. Yes, my unkinder Stars,
Ye durst set up that Rival of my Glory.
But if I er'e forgive him ; or in spight of you
Push him not, Gods, to everlasting Ruine ;
Load me with all the Plagues my Sex er'e bore,
Or what's worse, all the Plagues my Sex er'e hatcht.
'Tis true, for what I stand indebted, Heav'n,

You have my thanks ; that I was born t' a Crown,
Gods, is your Work, to wear it is my own.

[Exit.

Theod. Oh poor *Hormidas* ! I came here to court
Pity for thee, and want it for my self.
Thy beauteous Murderers so frowns, so dooms
And kills with such a Grace, that lovely Tyrant,
That whilst I tremble at the Thunder, I
Adore the Thunderer. But fair Destroyer !
Oh, if the random Shot dart from thy Eye
So sure ; How must thy levell'd Lightning fly !

Finis Actus Secundi.

A C T . I I I .

Enter Otrantes as General, Magi, Guards, and Attendants.

Otrant. **H**IS Army, Titles, Fortunes, Honours, all
His rifled Plumes my own ! Beyond my Flight
No Glory ever soar'd.

1 Mag. Yes, Princely Darling,
Thou great *Hormidas*, Greater Successor,
2 Mag. Greatest of all, thou our wrong'd Altar's Champion,
All hail !

Otrant. Yes, holy Fiends ! in your next Embassy
To Heav'n, your next kind Prayers and kinder Sacrifice,
Tell the once wrong'd, now righted Powers of *Perse* ;
I mount upon their Christian Enemies Heads.
Witness their opning Veins and streaming Blood,
That now bedews the sprinkled *Perse*an World.

Enter Rugildas.

My dear *Rugildas*,
Come to my Arms ; my Gratitude's too narrow,
And Soul wants room to hold thee.

Rug. Oh *Otrantes* !
Now Fortune crowns the day. The great *Hormidas*
Whose formidable rowling Bulk of Power
Once fill'd the Deep and swell'd the foaming Surge,
How have we hunted down. Oh ! We have driven him
Pent in a Creek, and stranded the Leviathan ;
Whilst thou with all thy taller weight above him
Mount'st on his Head, and tread'st him into dust.

Otrant. The Western Prince — that Fool comes to preach Conscience,

A subject not at present for my purpose,
Let me avoid him, and retire & embrace thee.

Enter Theodosius and Nearchus.

Excuse.

Theod. Thou black Usurper ! (Oh the lost Hormidas !)
Yes, thou hast it now : an angry Storm shoots down
The Royal Eagle, and a wanton Humour
Perches a sooty Raven in his Nest.

Nearch. A sooty one indeed !

Theod. But if a Prince must fall ;
Birth-right, Inheritance and Royal Veins,
All glittering Titles, mighty Names ; but all
Too weak to grapple Fate : Yet, why Otrantes ?
Oh ! why mistaken King ! such low-born Veins
Chose the selected Minion to succeed
The great Hormidas ! Drest in all his Honours,
And in his Post of Trust and Glory, rais'd
No less than the first Pillar of the State,
And the first Prince o' th' Empire ! A strange Leap !
What Merit cou'dst thou find in such course Blood
To mount Him ?

Nearch. Merit ! None.

Theod. What Kindness then ?

What unaccountable strange Favour smil'd
On that mean Wretch ?

Nearch. Favour ! None neither.

Theod. None.

Nearch. Neither Desert nor Love, but Spight preferr'd him

Theod. Spight !

Nearch. Down right Spight, pure natural Gall, meer Malice

Advanced this humble Tool,

Theod. 'Tis strange !

Nearch. Alas !

He knew that only Villain of the World
The very Slave Hormidas hated most.

And therefore all his disrobed Plumes torn from him ;
For the most sensible last Stab, On whom
Cou'd the Kings artful Spight bestow, the Spoils
But on this most loath'd Slave, his mortall'ft Enemy ?
Not giv'n him as his Worth and Vertue's due,
Nor Patrons Favour ; not that kind Donation ;
But lodg'd like Scorpions in a Furies Hand,
For that poor persecuted Princes Torturers.

Theod. Oh studied Tyranny !

Nearch. This is not half, Sir,

Th' insatiate Gorge of Vengeance yet unglutted,
'Tis not enough he's stript, stript barer than
The poorest Vagrant Wretch, born to load Earth,

And The b

And tire out Heav'n ; but ev'n that wretched Misery
Must stand the blast of universal Shame ;
Placed in a Post so vile, doom'd ev'n to water
The very Camels of the Army ; once
Their General, Lord of Lords, now Slave of Slaves,
A Vassal to the meanest Vassal there.

Theod. Oh King ! if this be Pow'r,
Crowns hide your tarnish'd Jems, and shine no more.

Nearch. Oh ! had you seen him, sir, as I have done ;
Naked to th' Wast, his galling Feet all bare ;
His tender Flesh parcht with the scorching Sun
And Dog-star blast ; a little humble Drudge,
Driving a happier Brutal Herd before him,
Weareted and tired, a thousand Eyes around him :

Enter Hormidas, in a Slavelike Habit.

But look, feet here !
Blast your own Eyes, see there the small Remains
Of that prodigious Man !

Theod. Thou Royal Ruines !
Oh thou poor wrong'd *Hormidas* !

Horm. Poor ! ah no :
I am rich, richer than *Indian* Mines, more rich
Than all the Wealth of Empire. The kind King
Has left me Vertue, Patience, Innocence,
Obedience, and fair spotless Truth, young Prince,
Treasures above the fading Jems of Crowns ;
Which not the frowning World can e're take from me.

Theod. No, The ungrateful World has took too much.

Horm. Too much ! Alas, No more than I had to spare :
The welcome Thief came to an open door,
And took but what was giv'n me all to lose ;
Had he but took my Life too, t' had been kind.

Theod. Thy Life, my dear *Hormidas* !

Horm. Yes, my Life.
Dost thou not see the Christian Veins around me
All flowing, and are mine too course to bleed ?

Theod. The Christian Veins that Spectacle of Horror !
Yes, Oh that frightful Gore !

Horm. That streaming Glory.
When Truth and Vertue bleed, Oh the rich Martyr,
Drest in his noblest Royalty, *Innocence*,
That pure white Ermin to his Royal Purple !

Theod. But, oh, unhappy Prince, if thine be Royalty,
It is a sad one !

Horm. No, mistaken World,
The brightest Heav'n can give ; these gloomy Rags,

My Coronation Robe t' a Crown of Stars.

Theod. But in such vast accumulated wrongs
Thy Miseries and thy Shame, hard fated Prince,
With Sense and Reason, Thought and Man about thee,
Oh how can thy resenting Soul support
A Load of so much barbarous Injustice !

Horm. Support it Sir, Alas ! My King commands it. Th'awful
Divinity of a crown'd Head frowns on me ;
And I must bear the undisputed Thunder.

Theod. Match me this Virtue, Worlds : thou poor Creation,
Where has such Worth a second ?

Nearch. Oh, lost Prince !

How canst thou live beneath a weight so cruel ?
Methinks such Sufferings, such falling Greatnes
Shou'd strike so heavy, that were thine my Pain,
To break my Tyrant Yoke 'twou'd nobly wake
My own delivering Hand.

Horm. A Roman Hand !

Nearch. Yes, my own Hand, like the old *Roman Glory*,
Shou'd shake my Shackles off, mount my free'd Soul,
And lull me sleeping in the Peace of *Gravés*.

Horm. True, my kind Counsellor, were I less a Christian
I should be more than Roman. Nor should that
Unpunisht Ravisher of all my Honours,
Otrantes, that usurping perjur'd Miscreant — —
Yes, thou shouldst see me naked, as I am,
Arm'd with my Wrongs, break through a thousand Javelins,
Up to that guarded Monster's upstart Throne,
Tear through his graped Throat his Poyson'd Heart,
And the black Lake just floating with her Load
Of dear Damnation down ; then, like a Roman
I'de give my plunging Soul a bold Leap after him,
To hunt him beyond Death. All this thou shouldst
Behold, did not a Manacle of Religion
Bind up my Arm, and ev'n this bloated Ruffian
Must live to wrong me and I live to bear it.

Theod. Thou matchless Miracle ! What wou'd I give
For Pow'r to save such Goodnes !

Horm. Generous Prince ;
I am not worth that wish.

Theod. Yes, my *Hormidas*,
Look up, and hope,

Horm. In Heaven.

Theod. No, Royal Mourner,
Earth must not lose thee yet. Oh, I have form'd
Such a design to save thee.

I'le sound the drowing Deep in which thou 'rt swallow'd,

(25)

Hoist thy sunk Glories, and weigh up thy Ruins.
I love thy beauteous Tyrant, sigh and dye
For the fair Infidel *Orundana*.

Horm. Love her !

Yes, Prince, she is all Charm, born to warm Hearts,
Tho' like a Northern Blast she has kill'd mine.

Theod. Her pitying and her Father's Listening Ear

Already have permitted me to Kneel.

And when I have married that too Cruel Fair,

Then do but think when Lodged in those soft Arms,

By the Authority of his Royal Son,

And her Commanding Lord, I shall have Pow'r

To serve so dear a Friend ; what for thy sake —

Yes, t'Heaven and Friendship this just Debt I'le pay,

From out the bloody Paws to break thy way,

I'le wed the Tygress, and Redeem the Prey.

[*Exeunt Theod. and Nearchus.*

Enter Cleomira, in a Poor Slave-like Habit.

Horm. My *Cleomira* ! Art thou kindly come

To Visit Wretchedness ; thou shining Cloud,

The Lovely sharer of my Woes ?

Cleom. No Sir, the Partner of your Joys. For Woe's

A Stranger in these Arms ; my Love, my Soul

My more than all.

[*Embracing.*

Horm. Thou Angel of thy kind.

For sure Seraphick Sweetness breath'd Life in thee,

And thou wert born all Paradice.

Cleom. My Dear Love,

I do not come to visit thee alone :

I've brought my whole Court too. Come forth *Celinda* ;

And thou Dear Infant pledge of our Chast Loves.

Enter Celinda leading an Infant.

Horm. My little second Self, thou pretty Innocence,

Come to thy Father's Arms.

Cleom. Of all those thousands,

The flattering Crouds that cluster'd round our Glory,

See here the scatter'd small Remains of Misery ;

The poor dear All that's left.

Horm. O thou young Martyr,

To what a train of Sorrows art thou born !

Thy Father's Wrongs eclipse thy Morning Star,

And thou beginst an early Race of Woe. —

But oh thy bleeding Wounds, thy bitterer draught of Sorrow,

Poor pitied fair.

[*to Cleom.*

Cleom. Oh do not pity me.

For I was born a Slave ; And tho advanced

To thy Proud Royal Bed, born a poor Captive,

Obscure my Blood. And Sir, Alas, who knows
But I am now in these coarse homely Weeds
The very Wretch my Vassal Mother bore me !
But thou wert born a Prince, Power and Pride's Darling;
Rich hopes, and richer Veins; and fall'n so low !
Sure Pity's only thine.

Horn. Ah no, thou all Divine ! No false Accuser
Has stabb'd thy Fame ; no Listning King has swallowed
Infusing Poysons 'gainst thy flander'd Virtue ;
No Royal Thunder aims at thee ; and my
Infectious Ruine to Involve thy Fate,
Is very hard.

Cleom. Can any thing be hard when I have thy Love?

Horm. But oh, my Fairest
Canst thou love Raggs!

Gleom. Oh canst thou ask that Question !

Within this Dear Embrace, this more than Crowns: *[hanging about his Neck]*.
Now Lightning, Earthquakes, Death and Vengeance fall,
In these Dear Arms I'll singly stand 'em all.

Enter King, Orundana, and Attendants.

Let Angry Kings, and frowning Worlds conspire,
Their utmost Rage is all but Love's refining Fire.

King. And am I brav'd ! Death ! the Proud Slave's turn'd Cynick,
And does not feel my weight ; proud of his Rags,
Affects a vanity from Shame and Beggary,
Whilst his *Diogenes* out-prides his *Alexander*.
To water Camels, in that Post he courts
The Popular Eyes, and wantons in their Pity.
Take him away, and let him hold a Trencher ;
A Ministring Vassal, and a Houshold Drudge
To his new Lord the great *Otrantes* ; under
The same proud Roof where he suckt in Ambition,
Let him taste Slavery. Away with him.

Harm. Sir you are my King, and when you speak, Heav'n dooms
And I the humble work of your Creation,
What e're you will, I am —

Life of my Life, [to Cleomira]

And thou young Innocence, if we ne're meet again
'Till beyond Death, for one short Glass, farewell.

Cleom. Dearer than Joy, and more than Love farewell. [Exit Hormidas.]

King. Am I so weak! no, thou shalt feel me Slave,
Take that young Darling of his Love, and send him.

A present to the Saracens. [Some of the Attendants Seize on the Child.]

Cleom. How King?

King. Take him away, and bid those kind Barbarians
Nurse him a Slave; I'le have no more o'th' Breed.

Cleopatra. Oh Cruel King!

[*Kneeling*
Stay]

Stay ye black Limbs of Vengeance!

Oh my Dread Lord—

King. Away, I'll hear no more [Exit, King, Attendants and Infant.

Gleom. Stay, *Orundana* stay, thou art a Woman,

That tender Sex where Native Mercy dwells.

Tho pitifuls Man is Deaf, thou wilt be kind,

And hear my Pleading Groans.

Orund. Yes, suffering Virtue

Thy full Fortune, and the louring Cloud

That breaks o're that fair Brow, falls so severe,

As I must pity thee.

Gleom. If the poor Mother's Wounds can move Compassion,

Why that Dear Infant's Doom?

Orund. Alas young Sufferer,

The Guilty Fathers Fate hangs o're his Head.

Gleom. The Guilty Father! does that name condemn him?

Oh were the Father that black thing you think him,

What has the Infant sinn'd! And is this Justice,

To wrong poor Innocence to punish Guilt?

Oh Princes, they are very hungry Hunters

That thirst for such young Prey.

Orund. I must confess

This Infant Sacrifice—

Gleom. Is that Barbarity

As blushing Fame will break her very Trump

To breath a sound so shameful? Distant Worlds

And Ages yet unborn will hear, and tremble

At this Recorded Infamy.

Orund Gods! how she talks!

Gleom. But, oh thou dear All-Goodnes, send thy kind

Recalling Mandat for that ravish't Innocence;

Snatch the Poor Lamb from the Wild Ravenous Wolves,

And give him to a Longing Mothers Arms.

Oh Royal Virgin, Love will one day make

Thee a blest Mother too, and then thou'l feel

A Tender Mother's Love.

Orund. Where am I going?

Oh let me fly, fly whilst my Soul stands safe;

I feel a softning Mercy rise within me:

Thro my weak Veins its spreading Poysons Post,

One dangerous Minute more, and I am lost.

Gleom. And does she fly me too? Oh take Dear-Earth

The Miserablest Wretch, that the Sun sees,

Or the Grave hides! Oh Misery like mine!

Enter King, Otrantes, and Magi.

King. Thou loveliest Child of Woe, and Heir of Pity,

The Fairest Pile of Beauteous Ruins, rise.

[Aside.

[Exit.

Gleom. Ha! Is't my King that speaks? and can that Voice
Of Thunder breath the Gentle Name of Pity?

King. Yes, Mourning Sweenes, my Imperial Ballance
Has weighed thy Miseries, thy Tears, thy Ruines;
And tho' *Hormidas* justly suffers—

Gleom. Justly!

King. Thy Innocence, poor persecuted Fair,
Has undeserv'd his Fate, and therefore summon'd
By Mercies tenderest Call I come to raise thee
A Drooping Lilly from thy Watry Bed,
Thy Gloomy Shade of Death; and Plant thee Blest
In Life and Glories warmer Smiling Sun.

Gleom. No King, that smiling Sun is now
Beyond thy Power to give. Is there a Balm
For Wounds like mine?— So the relenting Thief
Rifles the Plunder'd Traveller, stript naked
To the cold Blast of a long Winter's Night,
To starve and dye; and his Dear All took from him,
Returns him only some poor worthless Ragg
To cover Shame and Life, and calls it Mercy.

King. Dear Rifled Fair, thou art that plunder'd Traveller,
And I the Kinder Thief, as will not only
Restore thee thy Dear All, but more than all.

Gleom. What says the flattering Sound!

King. I come to call thee
Forth from thy dark and full fate; root up
Those hungry Cankers of thy Youth and Beauty,
Lean Cares and meager Sorrows; To unloose thee
From fall'n *Hormidas* dragging Train of Woes,
And in the Great *Orrantes* kinder Arms—

Gleom. O my chaste Ears!

King. Invite thee to revisit Light, prepare thee
To mount once more a Bird of Paradice,
New plumed with Glories, all that Life and Love—

Gleom. How King, desert the Bed of my dear Lord,
And in his Arms—

King. His Arms my Royal Fair.
Alas, Dear Shrowded Excellence, put out
Thy poorer Smoky Brand that leads to Graves,
And light a Nobler Hymens fairer Torch.
Wed him, and with him me; shake off those Shackles
That Bind thee groveling to a Bed of Dust,
And in this Livelyer Bed of Honour—

Gleom. Honour!

King. *Orrantes* happier Arms—

Gleom. Oh King, no more.

Is this the All, the more than all you bring me?

Think'lt thou mistaken King, I am fallen so low,
 That for the purchase of a Lifes short Vanity,
 A little popular Breath and gilded Dross,
 I'll pawn a Soul, renounce a long Eternity ;
 Oh canst thou think my Vertue and Religion,
 Wall in my heart so weak ! No ; cou'dst thou mount
 That wretch thou offer'st me (oh the vile thought)
 Lord of more Worlds than e're Ambition wept for,
 Or cloyster'd Vertue scorn'd, thou couldest not dress him
 Half, half so rich, as my *Hormidas* Rags.

Otrant. Alas ! Dear Madam —

Cleom. Dungeon Toad, darst thou
 Presume to croak ! Thou art no King ; no dread
 Divinity hems round thy fordid Clod.
 Of Earth : But I dare boldly tell thee, Tyrant,
 Thou poorest, littlest, despicablist Trifte
 That trampling Pride e're trod beneath her scorn,
 Tho thy usurping Villany has rais'd thee
 Proud in my dear *Hormidas* ravish't Spoils,
 Imp'd with his Plumes — Yes, there thou mayst reign Lord ;
 But know vain Fool, his *Gleomira*'s Heart's
 A Throne above thee, Traytor.

[Exit.

King. Peevish obstinate !
 So deaf t' Ambition, and so fond of Rags,
 And yet a Woman ! Well, thy Sexes Prodigy,
 This Vertue, my coy *Lucrece*, shall not guard thee ;
 Thy Crags of Ice, and all thy *Alpine* Snow,
 By *Hannibal*, must melt. Pursue her, Fool,
 Quit not the noble siege ; pursue and storm her,
 And take the promise of a King, she's thine.

[To Otrantes.

Otrant. That Guaranty's enough to inspire Victory.
 And if I win her —

King. If thou dost not win her,
 Say I'm a Girl, and my weak Infant Vengeance
 More worthy of a Rattle than a Scepter.

Otrant. Gain but this prize, ye Gods, I ask no more.

King. Well, my kind Sanctity, how does your Wisdoms [To the Magi.
 Your Heav'ly Pallates relish my design ?

1 Mag. As the profoundest Reach of Royal Thought,
 Your feeble Rage till now has been no more
 Than Lambent Fire ; has only blaz'd, not burn'd.
 To water Camels, hold a Trencher, be
 A Dog, a Varlet ; those his tougher scorn
 Of Fate can bear. But touch him in his Love,
 That Vital of his Soul, his *Gleomira*. —

King. Thou hast me right. My impotent Revenge,
 Has yet but only play'd ;

But if this last home Blow thro' *Cleomira*
 Strike him not tottering, groaning, bleeding, dying,
 Let him brave Fate ; set up a Counter second
 To the fam'd *Atlas*, and his untir'd Souldiers
 Bear the whole Hell.

2 *Mag.* True, Sir, her Love's the Medicine
 To all his Pains ; at the least sickning Gasp
 Strait to that Herb of Life he runs for Cure :
 But cut the Balm-Root up, and he is lost.

3. *Mag.* Yes, Royal Sir, and if her stubborn Virtue
 Can be but shaken —

King. If it can be shaken !
 A Priest, and ask that question !
 But I lose time, in short, my holy Friends,
 I want your Learned help.

1 *Mag.* Ours, my dread Leige !
 Oh name the Dear Command.

King. You see this dull
 Religious fondling stands so fortified
 Against all Batteries from Human Reason,
 That subtler Depths, and more uncommon Mines
 Must be prepared for her Assault ; and therefore
 To your profounder Reach, and deeper Studies
 I leave the whole design.

1 *Mag.* To ours !
King. To yours,

My honest Pioneers : Work, my dear Earthmoles.

2. *Mag.* All our divine Assistance can perform
 Of that, Sir, rest secure. If the kind Gods
 On your great purpose smile, doubt not success.

King. If the kind Gods — What if the Gods stand neuter,
 Must my Machine stand still ? The time has been
 When the fam'd *Persian Magi* have been Masters
 Of those bold Arts, and Charms have stagger'd Nature ;
 Wrought Wonders as Day trembled at : Done feats
 Undreamt by Gods. And is your Strength grown weaker,
 Or shrinks it now t' obey my Pleasure ?

1 *Mag.* Shrinks !
 No, Sir, your animating Cause woud rouze
 The Souls of our great Ancestors. And all,
 All that Heav'n will, we can. That we dare promise you.

King. Heav'n or no Heav'n, my idle Triflers, do t',
 Do it or dye. I know your Pow'r to serve me.
 And dare your Rebel Will dispute my Mandates !

1 *Mag.* Heav'n or no Heav'n then, Sir, it shall be done.
 If the Gods will be kind, they may ; if not,
 If the assiting Powers aboye are sturdy,

We have honest Friends below shall do't without 'em.

King. Go on then my best Friends, succeed and claim
My kindest smiles, win her and conquer me.

[Exit.]

3 Mag. Do it or dye.

1 Mag. So run the Prologue, but
Win her and conquer him made up the Chorus.

3 Mag. But Sir, consider th' hardy Enterprize.

1 Mag. Consider, Younger Brother! yes, dear Novice,
I have considered.

3 Mag. Oh the massey Virtue!
The Rock of Adamant we have to storm:
Such mortified disdain of Worlds, such Faith,
Such Constancy.

1 Mag. No Fool, such Clay, soft Clay,
As never fear the moulding. See this Ring,
This homely Ring enrich'd with more than Gems
The Workmanship of an Arabian Sorcerer:
In this enchanted Circle dance those Devils
Of Love; not Pride, Scorn, Virtue, Nuptial Fire
Or Virgin Ice, nought Female stands before it.
This Rarity of Art (to tell the Truth)
Is a small Instrument of my own pleasures.

[Taking out a Ring
out of a Box.]

2 Mag. Just my own Tool.

1 Mag. And to be free, my Brothers,
I never saw that Beauty, Wife, Maid, Widow
Humbly or nobly born, the Spawn of Cots
Or Palaces my hawking Eye ere fixt on,
But with this faithful Engine I subdued her.
Not the fond Loadstone t' its dear North so kind
So melting kind — Pardon my Vow of Chastity,
For Flesh and Blood in spight of our Divinity,
Sometime creeps in, a common Venial Frailty.

2 Mag. Oh Brother!
Thou hast hit my Soul, I have a Philter to o
A private Pill for crude, weak stomach'd Beauty.
A Compound of that strange prodigious Virtue,
That more than Magick Power, that yielding Woman, —
But I talk time away; the pretious Minutes
Call us to action. Our joyn'd Force, my Brother,
T' attack this stubborn Girl.

1 Mag. Yes, my coy Virtue;
Religion and stiff Morals hold your toughest;
And if we do not crak your feeble Gordian —

3 Mag. But if so fair your hopes; so sure your Arts;
Why that slow Answer to the King?

1 Mag. Fy, Fool.

We mast not cheapen Mischief. T' have been easy

Had

Had underpriz'd the Work, and made Art little.
But the Projection calls, we must make haste ;
The Coals, the Fire, the Bellows, and the Minerals,
And then the great Elixir. [Exeunt.

The Scene changes. Enter Cleomira pursued by Otrantes.

Cleom. Was ever persecuted Virtue
Worried by such a Bloodhound !

Otrant. In vain, in vain you fly me.

Cleom. Fly thee Monster !

Otrant. I tell thee lovely fugitive, I'll chace thee
Disdaining, frowning, flying ; and untired
With Love hunt on, and even whole years pursue thee.

Cleom. Years ! is that all, yes Slave, pursue me Ages,
I'd have a long Eternity a Witness,
How I can loath a Villain.

Otrant. Fair Barbarian,
Why is thy Heatt all Ice ?

Cleom. Ice Fool, No ; 'tis all Chrystal
Too pure to hold thy Poysons.

Otrant. Cruel Fair,
Cou'dst thou but love.

Cleom. Love thee, black Infidel !
No ; despicable Wretch, not pamper'd Beauty
Bears a more mortal hate to wrinkled Age,
Nor hoarding Misers to a Grave, than I
Bear thee.

Otrant. If I've deserved all this disdain,
I'll call th' attesting World my Judge, i'th' Face
Of open day, proclaim th' inviting Glories
That call thee to my Arms, thou Fair ungrateful.

Cleom. In open day — Thou canst not please me better
Yes, in the face of Heav'n, that all the whole
Eternal Host above may stand the kind
Spectators of my Honour and thy Shame.
Nay, when thou hast tir'd out Light and Day to chace me,
Haunt me (if possible) to Shades so close ;
And Walks so dark, as Hell can only peep through.
Oh the sweet pleasure t' have thy own dear grinning Imps
Behold me scorn their Elder Brother Devil. [Exit:

Otrant. So tough my Pride, so fierce my battayling Tyrant ?
No my fair Foe, I am not conquer'd yet,
I'll rally once again and brave thy scorn. [As going after her:

Enter Hormidas.

Horm. Stay Earth-born Meteor, Mushroom Greatness stay.

Otrant. That Interrupting Face !

Horm. How Interrupting !

Is there that Terror in this humble Form,

Thy

Thy Pride's low Footstool and thy trampled Slave,
As can check Thee? Thou whose proud Phaeton Wheels
Have driven or'e burning Temples, butchered Innocents,
The reeking gore of thousand bleeding Martyrs?

Otrant. Ha!

Horm. Thou who Faith, Honour, Vertue, Conscience, Heav'n
And all its Bolts defyed, hast play'd the boldest Voyager,
That ever shot Ambition's darkest Gulph,
Through Plots, Conspiracies, Treasons, Murders, Perjuries, all
Above Gigantick Size;
Original Villany, Crimes even unminted,
In the whole Forge of *Lucifer*.

Otrant. I tell thee,
Thy Breath's too sultry, and this haughty Boldness — —

Horm. This Truth, this honest Truth, your Glories Panegyrick,
And sung by me, my Duty and Allegiance.
What can your humblest flattering Slave do less,
Than chant his Lord and Master's *Io Peans*?

Otrant. Such Insolence from any other Tongue — —
But I forget — I mount upon thy Ruines;
And talking Misery, I can forgive thee.

Horm. Ruine and Misery! No, mistaken Fool,
Those are thy Portion — Dull, dull Wretch how much
My Rags outhine thy Pride? These pitied Raggs
Shall cloath my Name with never dying Honours,
When thine shall rust and canker into Poyson;
The short liv'd Blaze of thy detested Glories
Hift to their Grave, and hooted from the World.
And then (Oh) what a little tarnisht thing
Will that now glittering piece of Vanity look,
When all 'ts Gold's washt off!

Otrant. Poor Snarler, how
Thou play'st the Prodigal! thy Breath is all
That's left thee, and even that thou spend'st in vain:
I'le hear thy babling Dreams no more.

Horm. Not hear 'em!
No, thou hast dreamings of thy own to listen to,
Thy consummating Master stroke of Villany;
Thy Tarquin Siege of *Cleomira's* Heart,
The Bloudhound Chace of that fair hunted Vertue.

Otrant. Thy *Cleomira's* Heart, Ha! does that shake thee!

Horm. Dost thou shake her's the Question? Shake me, Brute!
No, thou poor little stingless Animal,
Mine and my *Cleomira's* equal Scorn — —
But stay, perhaps thou lovest — Who knows but a bright Beam?
From that fair Heav'n has light this Crawling Mud,
And warm'd it into Love?

Love did I say ? thou couldst not please me more.
 Pursue, love on, strow all thy Baits of Power
 Before her : Fix thy Mines, Trains, Engins, all
 Thy planted Batteries of Hell against her ;
 Of all the Trophies that my Wrongs, and even
 Her Pride can wish, she wants but such a Lover,
 And I just such a Rival.

Otrant. Death and Furies !

This arrogant Contempt's beyond all sufferance.
 But that the King has tyed my Arm from killing thee
 Thou soon shouldest know —

[Laying his Hand on his Sword.]

Horm. That thou'rt not he can kill me.

Otrant. Can kill thee !

Horm. Yes, mighty man of Breath ;
 This unarm'd Hand my Feeble Thunderer tells thee,
 Though thy black Soul wears Villain enough about thee
 To with my Death, yet thou want'it Man to act it.

Otrant. Oh my tyred Patience ! I can hold no longer :
 To make thee feel my keener Vengeance smart,
 I'll stab thee through thy *Cleomira's* Heart.

[Exit.]

Horm. Not yet unpitying Providence ! And (oh)
 Coy Death, why comes thy courted shaft so slow ?
 Not one kind Dart for thy poor Suppliant Slave ?
 Is it so long a Voyage to a Grave !

Enter Theodosius.

Theod. What have my Eyes beheld ? Oh my *Hormidas* !
 If my astonishment has left a Tongue
 To utter it, I come to tell thee Prodigies.

Horm. Alas dear Prince, Lust and unreign'd Ambition,
 Drive the mad World at that disordered Rate,
 That Prodigies now grown the Common Work
 Of every Day, must sure have lost their Name.

Theod. As on *Euphrates* Banks my Pensive sorrow
 For the poor bleeding Christian Wounds, and all
 My dear *Hormidas* Wrongs led me this morning
 A Melancholly Walk ; brush from a Thicket
 I saw a Lovely Hind, her Milk-white Skin
 Not Virgin Snow more fair, till in a Toyle
 The beauteous Fugitive was lost. But oh !
 Just as the Savage Hunter's Griping Hand
 Seiz'd the fair Prey, I saw, to my Confusion,
 Her Ermine-White Transformed all of a fuddain
 In darkest Sable dyed, not Jet more black.

Horm. This was Indeed Prodigious !

Theod. So Prodigious,
 The very Hunter sunk beneath the Prey,
 And dying fell a Victim to a Victim ;

Even my own sense was struck with that amazement,
As scarce my trembling Wonder has recovered.

Horm. This Prodigy indeed is more than Wondrous,
And carries in't no doubt some dire Portent.
But what — the Event alone must only Tell.
Alas the Bounded Eye of Human Knowledge
Sees only backwards; there through spacious Regions
Vast open Plains, and Thousand Years behind,
Our Guided Reason lights; but the vast All
Before us lends not one kind Starry Spark;
One Minute of to Morrow's all i'th Dark.

Theod. But hark.

So loud a Storm my Young Ears never heard,
Unless these Roarers of the Sky are only
The Revellers of Heaven, and Tune for Pleasure;
Some more than Common Cause leads this rough Dance.

Horm. Tis a rough Storm indeed; but th'angry blast
Of Thunder let the Prosperous Guilty dread.
My Miseries, young Prince, are past that fear,
Heavens keenest Boult would be a Mercy here.

[*Thunders.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

Finis Actus Tertii.

A C T. IV.

Otrantes solus.

Otrant. O H the vast Riot of Loves Revelling Feast!
I have Enjoy'd a night of so much Rapture,
The softest, sweetest *Cleomira* mine!
Oh Lavish Providence, in this one Treasure
Thou hast made me Lord, Lord of that Infinite Mass,
Enough to Impoverish Earth and Bankrupt Heaven!
But why do I name Heaven? had the great *Jove*
In his Eternal Rambles met that face!
Her single Charms had fixt th'Almighty Wanderer;
Shackled th'unbouded Rover of the Skies,
And peopled from one stock the Heavens with Gods.

Enter Cleontes and Doranthe.

Cleont. Well, you have got the beauteous *Cleomira*.

Otrant. Got her, and with her all the Joys of Life!

Doran. If the gay Spoils of the once great *Hormidas*,
Make up the Joys of Life, those Joys are yours.

Otrant. His shining Treasures are not only mine;

But I am greater yet.

Cleont. Yes, happy Sir,

All that the Favourite of a King can be you are.

Orrant. More than the Favourite of a King I am ;
The Son too of a King.

Cleont. How, a Kings Son !

Orrant. His Son, whilst *Cleomira* is his Daughter.

Cleont. My *Cleomira* a Kings Daughter, say you ?

Orrant. Your *Cleomira* th'only true born Daughter
Of the great *Isdigerdes*.

Cleont. *Cleomira*,

Heir of the *Persian* Crown ! Ith' name of wonder then
Whose Daughter is the Princess *Orundana* ?

Orrant. Mine Sir.

Cleont. Your Doughty Race ?

Orrant. My Race, my Daughter,
Born of that very *Alexandrian* Captive,
Supposed the Mother of your *Cleomira*.

Cleont. More Riddles yet : An *Alexandrian* Captive
The Princefs Mother !

Orrant. Yes Sir, and my Wife :
For though indeed our Marriage we Conceal'd,
That *Alexandrian* Captive Sir I Married,
And by her had that titled vanity,
The now Imperial towring haughty *Orundana*.

Cleont. Pray Sir unriddle this Miraculous Tale.

Orrant. You may remember now near Twenty Years
The King was Husband to a Young Queen,
The fair *Mandana* ; and by her
The Father of an Infant Princefs call'd *Orundana*.

Cleont. Remember't ! ay too well, by this sad Token,
Th'Unhappy Queen, with her young Princefs, then
But Eight Months old, were barbarously betray'd,
And sold to Proud *Zoranes* King of *Arabia* ;
And *Persia*'s Mortal Foe. One Fatal Evening
Taking the Air upon *Euphrates* Streams,
The vile *Bagoas* her Perfidious Eunuch,
That Barbarous Wretch bought by th'*Arabians* Gold,
Hurried her down the Stream too far and much
Too fast for all her helpless Guards to reach her.

Orrant. Th'afflicted Queen thus lost, in nine long Months Captivity,
Sickning and almost drooping to a Grave ;
To save the Branch, though the Fair Tree were lost,
Though watcht too narow for her own Escape,
Contriv'd a Plot to have her Royal Infant
Rescued from all her unsuspecting Goalours,
And sent a Present to her Mourning Lord.

Cleont. Rescued !

Otrant. Yes Sir, to have a borrowed Infant
By my assisting hand, conveyed to fill
The Royal Cradle, and supply the Princess.

Cleont. So Sir.

Otrant. I being then her Envoy from the King,
Own'd my whole Marriage to her *Alexandrian* :
(She with my Sister the young Princess Nurses,
Then the only *Persian* Train her Ravisher left her.)
Off'ring an Infant Daughter of my own.

Cleont. Most kindly done !

Otrant. In short, all things prepar'd,
I made the exchange unmark'd and unsuspected.

Cleont. Your Daughter for the Princess ! very well.

Otrant. Here a strange tempting Thought of warm Ambition
Whisper'd my Soul, that this Exchange well manag'd
Might mount my own Translated Veins to Empire.

Cleont. Sweet Villain !

Orrant. As I expos'd

A Daughter to the sullen chance of Slavery,
Why not to th' Golden Lot of Glory too ?
I'th dying Eyes of the Sick Queen too plainly
I saw approaching Death, and in her Death,
The Buried secret safe, the only Council-Keepers,
A Wife and Sister, both soft Wax to mould at pleasure.
In less than one short Moon the Queen expired,
How by the King deplored, I need not tell,
Nor on what Terms the Princess was redeem'd,
It is enough my Daughter was that Princess.

Cleont. Rare Rogue.

Otrant. And to a Royal Fathers Arms received
More than a Princely Blessing. For (alas)
All things conspired for the Deceipt : for nine
Kind absent Months in a young Infants Face
Had worn out all Distinctions of the change.

Cleont. Here's a sweet Dog.

Otrant. But to conclude,

My *Alexandrian* not long surviving,
I gave the Royal Infant to my Sister,
And call'd her *Cloemira*, now no more
The Imperial *Orundana* ; for that Title
My more exalted Blood had filled.

Cleont. Well Sir, because

The dying Queen left my false Beast, your Sister,
And the proud Slave, your Wife, the only Confidants,
Your itching Pride thought fit to graft your own
Most hopeful Brat into the Blood of *Cyrus*.

[*Aside.*]

[*Aside.*]

[*Aside.*]

Otrant.

Otrant. Yes, Friend, but now my *Gleomira's* Charms
Have nurst a nobler Pride; I'le to the King,
Implore his pardon for my blushing Fault;
Unmask th' whole Truth and own my self his Son.

Cleont. You are sure you will?

Otrant. Yes Sir, I will do't.

Cleont. Yes Sir, you shall do't,
Do't, tho' it cost your Head; your Head bold Jugler.
Here's a fine Legerdemain put upon
A whole cheated Kingdom: and my precious Imp
In the Conspiracy?

Dor. Alas, dear Sir,
Perswaded by a Brother — —

Cleont. By a Devil :
But by this light, I'le instantly to th' King
And ring him such a Peal — —

[offers to go

Otrant. Stay, Brother, stay,
All shall be well.

Cleont. Well, in the name of Vengeance !

Otrant. Upon my Word, my Honourable Word,
Before to Morrow's setting Sun, the King,
And the whole Court shall have the Tale at length.
Only 'tis fit that first I break the Secret
To *Orundana*, to prepare her Ear
For the unpleasing sound.

Cleont. Well till to morrow,
For once I will strain hard to tye my Tongue up;
But such a Cursed Cheat — —

Otrant. No more; the King.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E 2.

Enter King, and some Attendants.

King. Have you performed my Orders ?

Attend. Yes, if Tortures,
Wracks, Blood and Death in Thousand various Forms
Be the performing 'em, we have performed 'em.

King. Oh what a Barren Toyl, and fruitless Labour
Has my mistaken Vengeance undertook!

The Exirpation of this Christian Race;

A work wou'd baffle *Hercules*. His *Hydra*
With all her springing Heads, alas was nothing
To this more Growing Monster — Death,
They Seed by Graves and Multiply by Destruction.
Gods! even the very Dead Convert the Living.
Lovely and Charming even in Ghastly Wounds!
Almighty Rhetorick, in each dying Gasp,
And every Groan an Orator! — Oh Zeal!
O! Faith! How unaccountable's thy Power?

Enter Theodosius.

Theod. Forgive, dread Monarch, an aspiring Gazer
Whose soaring Eyes have dar'd to uplift a Heart,
A Bold Oblation to Imperial Beauty.

But *Orundana's* all Commanding Charms
Have that Resistless Power ! and oh great Sir, ————— [Kneels,
If Kneeling Love, and all my Suppliant Sighs —————

King. Rise kind Petitioner, I understand
Thy Pleading Suit, and grant thy Prayers unheard :
And since, Dear Prince, thou art adopted mine,
Be nearer so ; —— My Daughter is thy own.

Theod. Oh my Immortal Joys ! Let me Embrace
Your Royal Knees !

King. No more my Son : The Debt
You owe in Gratitude to *Ildigerdes*,
Reserve and pay in Love to *Orundana*.

Theod. Blessing like this ! —————

King. To seal the Gift I make,
I'll instantly dispatch Embassadors
To *Constantinople*, to the great *Arcadius*
For his assenting Hand to tye the *Gordian*.

Theod. My Fathers binding hand ; Yes Generous Monarch
His Pride will soar with mine ; A Love so high
Will more than Crown my Youth,
And bleſſ his Age. [Exeunt Omnes præter Theod.
But oh in all my Bliss I mount too late,
Poor lost *Hormidas* to avert thy Fate.
I fear Thou'rt set, set in so thick a Night
As my Meridian Glory cannot light.

SCENE 2.

Orundana and Otrantes attended by Briomar and Gobrias.

Orund. How Sir ! The Great and Glorious *Cleomira*,
Heiress of *Persia*, *Ildigerdes* Daughter !
And the Poor little Humble *Orundana*,
That low-born thing must call *Otrantes* Father !

Otrant. I must confess 'tis an ungrateful History ;
And (it's) no doubt, these staggering sounds surprize you !

Orund. Surprize me ! No, have I not heard it out,
Heard the Astonishing stupendious Tale,
With all the Patience of a listning Wonder ?

Otrantes. Tis true my Love, a more than Father's Love
Took thee a tender Budding Flower, transplanted thee
Into the Royal Garden ; and to snatch thee
Back to thy Native humble Root again,
Is hard, is very hard ; —— But oh
I cannot sleep in *Cleomira's* Arms,
But I must give her back her Rayish Birthright.

Resistless

Refistless and
Almighty Love, Command their Restitution.

Orund. Hold Sacrilegious Infolent Monster, hold;
Silence this Impious this Audacious Blasphemy :
Thine, thy Base Blood, A Cloven-footed Cub,
From that Black Hel-hound? Villain, Villain, never
Was such accumulated Mass of Treason
Together heap'd, since the Embattel'd Giants
Pil'd Rocks on Rocks to scale the Throne of Gods ;
Infernal Impudence! Say *Briomar, Gobrias*
Didst thou 'ere hear the like?

Briom. Hear Madam? no ;
Nor hope 'ere shall : 'Tis that Original Impudence,
As is impossible should 'ere be Copyed.

Orund. Nay, was there ever so much hardned Falshood,
Such Canker'd Poyson'd Lies hatch'd at one Birth ?
Thou art so rank a Rogue, not Poet's Raptures,
Not Madmens Dreams, not Swearing Lovers Oaths,
Nor even Religious Legends, ever forg'd
With half thy front of Bras.

Otrantes. Yet hear me, Madam.

Orund. No I have heard too much, and to Reward
Thy bold tongu'd Guilt, by the wrong'd Blood of *Cyrus*,
By all my Towring Battlements of Glory,
Supported by the Tutelar Gods of Empire,
Traytor, I'le have thee wrapt in Pitch, and Burnt,
A Blazing Torch, to light me to my Throne.

Otrant. Oh whither does your Blinded Passion drive !
Recall your wandring Reason and Consider —

Orund. That thou'rt a Devil; Yes I have Considered.
Now thy detected Plots are all unravell'd :
Now poor *Hormidas*, that Betray'd Wrong'd Virtue
Too plainly fell thy black Ambitions Sacrifice,
His Leading Fall but a preparing Step,
To *Orundana's* Throne.

But I am too tame; Seize, seize the Traitor,
And in his hearts rank Blood —

[*Gobrias and Briomar seize him.*

Otrant. Yet hold fair Savage.

Yes, you may Kill me ;
But have a care my unbelieving Parricide,
That' hand that Murders mee, stabs thy own Father.

Orund. My Father! Death!
My Father, Fool! how shallow dost thou plot?
This Royal Pride, and this Imperial Beauty
A base born Cottage Brat of thy begetting ;
And that bright Spark of Heaven.
The sacred animating Fire that lights

This Hollowed Mine, Great *Orundana's* Soul
 Struck from thy Dunghill-flint, dull sensless Traitor !
 Methinks it almost makes me smile to think
 How tickled will the laughing World, receive
 This fabulous Tale, thou poor Burlesque Romancer.

Gobrias. Oh Divine Excellence, your Justice moves
 Too slow ! Pronounce but the Commanding Word,
 And this Commission'd Arm sends his Black Soul —

Orund. No, now I think on't better, let him live ;
 I scorn to take the mean advantage
 Of my own Royal Walls, a Stage too Glorious
 For thy base Execution. No I'll give
 Thee play for Life, and hunt thee fairly dead.
 Nor hope to fall a Victim to my Vengeance
 Drest in those Gaudy Plumes, the *Persian General*
 And the great *Isaigerdes* darling Favourite.
 No Slave, before to Morrow's setting Sun,
 Expect the wrong'd *Hormidas* Resurrection.
 And when thy usurp'd Laurel all Restor'd,
 I've stript thee to thy self a Naked Villain,
 I'll have the unca'sd little Mungrel Hanged
 In his own Native Kennel.

Otrant. Threatning Madam,
 Your Thunder talks too big !

Orund. Arrogant Rebel !
 One bold word more pulls down thy Instant Fate :
 Take thy Face hence ; be gon, and if thou canst,
 Wear thy false Head ; yes, wear it till to Morrow.
 Oh that so poor a Vassal should disturb me !
 Ye Gods what unknown sin have I Committed
 That for my Punishment, your sleeping Vengeance
 Should suffer so profane an Insolent
 To shock the Royal Peace of *Orundana* ?

Briam. Alas Dear Madam, never mind the Snarler ;
 Like the Proud Sister Goddess of the Sun,
 Disdain the little Angry Village-Cur
 That Barks beneath your Glory.

Orund. No my *Gobrias*,
 So rank a venomous Blast though ne'er so feeble,
 Struck at the Root of Kings, the Veins of *Cyrus* ;
 I must not Cheapen Majesty to pass
 Forgotten or Forgiven. — Oh that the Traitor
 Stood Mountain high, that my avenging Justice
 Might nobly reach his heart. — Howe'er for once,
 Thou under-ground low Wretch, to crush thy head,
 I'll stoop to Plow up a poor Mole-hill Bed.

Exit *Otrant*.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *an Anti-Chamber.*

Enter Hormidas and Lorella.

Lor. 'Tis with the danger of my Life that I presume
To admit you here ; but life's not worth my care,
When hazarded to serve such suffering Virtue.

Horm. Had I Rewards to thank thee for this Kindness,
My shovring Bounty—

Lor. Sir I am pay'd in serving you ;
No more : That Curtain opens to her Closet.

Horm. Now King, at this last blow thou hast reacht my heart ;
Stabb'd through and through my Life, my Love, my Soul !

[Exit.]

Oh *Cleomira ! Cleomira !*

She's lost, she's lost, caught by a Gilded Bait,
A tempting Lure of Power for ever lost.
Yes black Ambition, with thy Dragon's Tayl,
Thou has swept down that Beauteous falling Star !
Oh Woman, Woman, what is thy Foundation ?
Who could believe that Dear All-Angel Yesterday,
Should be All-Fiend to day !

*The Scene opens, and discovers Cleomira in a Rich Nuptial Habit,
Sleeping on a Couch.*

But see, see, there she lies ! and oh, behold
All the same fragrant sweetness on her Cheeks
As if she ne'er had sin'd. Not all
The Sooty Sulphur in her Veins has steyn'd
One fading Rose, or dim'd one sullied Lilly !
Oh Heaven ! that Treason 'ere should look so lovely !
Wake Truth's Apostate, fair Perdition wake !

Cleom. Who calls me, and where am I ? For methinks
I am just rowzing from a long dead-Sleep ;
And such a Giddy Mist swims round my Reason —

Horm. Dost thou not hear me yet, Lethargick Infidel ?
Hangs the black Sleep of Sin and Death so heavy
On thy benighted Soul ?

Cleom. What's that that speaks in Thunder ?

Horm. I am the Trumpet of thy Shame ; young *Syren*,
Call'd by thy Crying Infamy to sound
Thy Echoing Falshood, and thy loud-Tongu'd Treason.

Cleom. Falshood and Treason those hard names for me ?

Cleom. Hard names ! thou Gangreen'd Mass of foul Dishonour
Thou purple Plague, with all thy spotted Deaths !

Cleom. Ha, who art thou, that look'ft like my *Hormidas*,
But dost not talk like him ? For such wild sounds
Such strange Accusing sounds, should be Strangers,
To that dear Voice of Peace !

Horm. Peace to thy Crimes !
Thou bloated Dungeon Viper ; Black Adulteress !

Cleom.

Cleom. *Celinda!* ha, who waits there?

[Stamping.

Enter *Celinda*.

Celind. Did you call
Me Madam ?

Cleom. Oh *Celinda*, see, look there ;
That angry Thing, so like my once kind Lord,
Talks those wild frightful Words ! and with a Thousand
All hideous Names too terrible to think on,
Says I am that strange Spotted Creature ! — Nay
(Wouldst thou believe't) he calls me an Adulteress ?
What does he mean *Celinda* !

Horm. Mean Barbarian !
Death ! shee's all Innocent, Knows nothing ill !
This hardened Bras, this more than Feminine front's
Beyond Recorded Impudence !

Cleom. Dost hear him ?
Just so he talk'd before, all the same wild
(I know not what) dire Croake !

Horm. And thou the same
(I know not what) all Masquerading Perjury.
Oh thou all Blood ! all Guilt ! just risen from
Thy dallying Monster's Bed ! —

Cleom. A Bed ! What says he ? —

Horm. The Guilty Kisses on thy melting Lips !
Thy ruffled Arms, and burning Cheeks still Glowing.
Yet thou'rt all Saint, all harmless innocent — Devil.

Cleom. Dost hear him still ? am I awake *Celinda* ?
Or does he Sleep, that makes him talk thus strangely ?

Horm. Death and Confusion ! Sleep ! no fair Destroyer,
Thou hast took care these waking Eyes, and my
Poor Murdered Peace shall never sleep again :
Whilst thou Gay *Venus* lull'st on Beds of Downe,
Trickt in thy Morning Trim and Fluttering Robes.

Cleom. Ha ! — Robes !

Horm. Yes, my Proud Wanton *Cleopatra* ;
Those fluttering Robes, the Monumental Pile
Of thy Gay Bed of Death ; the Gilded Sepulchre
Of thy dead Virtue, and thy buried Honour.

Cleom. Oh I can hear no more ! *Celinda*, speak,
Say what are these !

Celind. These what ?

Cleom. These Gaudy Trappings ;
These sparkling Gemms, and glittering Gold ! Speak quickly.
How came the Mourning *Cleomira* dreft
In all this Pompous Vanity ? And ha !
This shining Roof, and that proud Bed of Gold !
Oh my awakening Eyes ! speak Dear *Celinda*.

Where am I ! and what am I ! prithee tell me.

Oh my foreboding Tears ! Answ're me quickly !

Unriddle this dumb show of Splendid Horrores.

Celind. This Royal Palace, and these Nuptial Ornaments,
And thou the beauteous Pride to great *Otrantes*.—

Gleom. *Otrantes* !

Celind. Ris'n with all thy Bridal Blushes
From his incircling Arms.—

Gleom. Oh—

[*Swoons and Falls.*]

Horm. She sinks, she sinks.

Almighty Truth, thou art at last a Conqueror.

Convey those Lovely Ruins from my Eyes.—

The Scene shuts upon her.

Oh Conscience ! Conscience ! Thou art kind too late.

Had thy Alarm but struck before her Fall,

How glorious had that still Crown'd Beauty lived !

And oh ! how happy had *Hormidas* died !

Enter Theodosius.

Theod. Oh my *Hormidas*, I've that hideous Story,
Thy *Cleomira*—That Dear Beauteous Innocence,—

Horm. Has turn'd all black Deformity ; dyed all
Her Ermin Honour into footy Sable ;
Barter'd her Gemms for Glafs, and poorly sold
Her Right in Heaven, and all my Peace on Earth.

Theod. Oh hold ; forbear this unjust profanation :
Wound not that ravish't Virtue. For by Arts
Infernal, by the Kings Command, perform'd.
By th'executing Fangs of Power, his Priests :
That all unblemish't Fair (Oh ! would'st thou think it !)
Was to that Villains Bed by Philters poysoned.

Horm. Philters !

Theod. By Drugs, and execrable Sorceries poysoned.

Horm. Poyson'd ! my unkind King, that was fowl Play.
But, ha ! a Dawning Joy tells my Eased heart,
That she's all Truth still, all unshaken Truth ;
Only an Innocent Victim snared to Ruin,
And Butchered in the ToyL, a Bleeding Martyr.

Theod. Only a fullen Cloud of Hell prevailed,
And the bright Heaven Ecclipsed.

Horm. Oh my enlightened Peace !

Yes my fair Saint ; though thy frail Earth is lost,
I have not lost thy Soul.—But I forget :
Oh let me run, run to her Sacred Knees,
And beg my blushing pardon at her Feet ;
For I have wrong'd her, basely wrong'd her.

Theod. Wrong'd her !

Horm. Yes, Prince, reproacht her with a Thousand all

The vilest Names of lewd abandon'd Woman.
 What though her canker'd Veins run all Contagion ;
 And all my blasted Hopes for ever die ?
 Her spotless Mind's all white, and at that Charm
 A pleasing Rapture glides all Heav'ly fair — But oh !
 Great Love, how dazzling must thy Beams display,
 When one poor spark of Light lets in the day.

*The Scene opens and discovers Cleomira held by her two Women
 Celinda and Lorella.*

Gleom. Why did you wake me
 From Deaths cold Sleep to burning Lifes hot Fever ?
 Oh Heav'n, Heav'n, Heav'n ! the happy *Cleomira*
 Was once your darling care ; when radiant Virtue,
 And blooming Innocence fenc'd round my Peace ;
 But, Oh ! ye faithless Guardians of my Soul,
 Ye false deserting Powers ! Why did you basely
 Shrink like poor craven Cowards from your Post,
 And leave me lost for ever ?

Celind. Why thus cruelly
 Do you afflict those fair tormented Eyes ?

Enter Hormidas.

Gleom. Eyes didst thou say ? These treacherous Balls of Fire :
 Oh tear 'em, tear 'em out, these rowling Brands,
 That only light me to Eternal Night —
 Ha ! Stay the growling Fiends, and hissing Furies ;
 Stop, stop the Midnight Thieves, and Cut-Throat Robbers
 Of murdered Innocence , restore my rifled Treasures,
 And give me back my Peace, my Truth, my Soul —
 Oh my sick Brain ! Tear off these shining Tresses,
 These Traytor Jewels, and this guilty Gold ;
 And give me my dear Rags,
 My loveliest, sweetest, beauteous, honest Rags.

Horm. Oh Harmony Divine !

Gleom. And art thou here ,
 My dear wrong'd Lord ? Oh thou art come to punish me.
 Yes, Charming Justice strike ; my Heart stands fair ;
 And whilst the kind Sword kills me, thus I'll kneel, [Kneels.
 And kis the guiding Hand.

Horm. Kill thee !

Gleom. Ah, kill me, Sir, for I am too black to live.
 Oh strike : (Alas !) a very little Blow
 Will do thee Justice now, a stroke so easy.
 Turn but one frowning Look from thole dear Eyes
 And stifled in a flagrant Bed of Roses,
 I'll sink in Sweets and Dye.

Horm. No, Ravish't Sweetnes, live.
 And, oh, forgive the too unkind *Hormidas*.

For I have injur'd thee ; given thee false Names ;
 When oh, fair spotless Truth, thou bleeding *Lucrece*,
 An impious Draught of horrid, horrid Philter
 Drencht thy infatuated Sense all drown'd,
 And drag'd thee martyr'd to that *Traytors* Bed.

Cleom. Ha ! My poor Heart by such vile Arts betray'd !

Horm. By foulest, blackest Arts lost and betrayed,
 Thy Chrystal Veins and purer Reason poysoned.

Cleom. Nay, then I am not quite so black, not all
 So frightful and deform'd a Specter ;
 But thy poor *Cleomira* has a little,
 A little Innocence left.

Horm. A little !

Oh thou all-whiteness, thy untainted Soul,
 That fair Eternity stands safe within,
 And but thy poorer, weaker Outwork's lost — —
 But ha — he lives, th' unpunisht Poysoner lives ! — —
 Oh mourning *Philomel*, these lovely Ruines
 Call loud for Blood : And this too tardy Arm
 Delays the avenging Bolt. Yes, he must bleed.
 No Christian Shackle now binds up my Arm,
 Now my keen Sword may strike : Toads, Vipers, Serpents,
 The speckled Adder, and the curling Snake,
 Mans common Foe, all Hands are arm'd to kill.

Cleom. And wilt thou kill that impious Savage ?

Horm. Kill him !

Yes, my fair murdered Life, this Arm must carve
 Thy bleeding Honours Monument, rip up
 His poyson'd Heart, that baneful Hemlock Root,
 And weed him from the World.

Cleom. Oh let me joyn in that Divine Revenge !
 Thy single Arm amidst his crowding Followers
 Would be too weak to reach that guarded Fiend :
 And to expose thee in too rash a Danger,
 Wou'd not take his, but hazard thy dear Life.
 No, my wrong'd Lord, let me instruct your Vengeance.

Horm. Oh, speak my leading Oracle !

Cleom. Thus then — —

This Evening when the lustful Satyr comes
 Keen for his Prey (oh the detested thought)
 I'le have thee planted, hid within his Closet ;
 In thy just Arm the pointed Steel, prepared
 And at th' unguarded *Traytors* safe Approach,
 Then strike for *Cleomira*. Oh my Lord,
 Rush on him like a Tempest ; bolt him headlong,
 Plung'd in Eternal Flames so quick, that Hell
 May see him fain, before it hears him falling.

Horm. Thou lovely Amazon, my Divine Inspirer !

Cleom. Nay to secure him there, till then I'll calm
My Brow, smooth my false Looks, and dance before him
A wandring Fire to train him to his Fate.

Horm. And will my *Gleomira* —

Cleom. Oh, my Love !

To right thy Wrongs, methinks, I cou'd even play
The very Hypocrite, a&t the true Woman
To give that Monster Death.

Horm. This is so generous —
But (oh !) this Scorpion Wound has stung so deep
That all the Scorpions Blood can never cure !
Oh Love ! There stands that parting Gulph between us,
That to those Arms I never can return.

But though my happy Days and happier Nights
Are mine no more ; those sweets I am doom'd to lose,
I am resolv'd that Heav'n shall only find.

Lodg'd in a Cloyster of devoted Penitents,
Thy mounting Prayers shall scale the Throne of Stars,
And win the Crown of Peace.

Cleom. A Cloyster'd Life !
Oh thou dear only Good, and only kind !

This is true Love indeed that gives me Heav'n.

Horm. Yes, my last Debt I'll pay. I loved thee living,
And must embalm thee dead — But then, oh then
To all that's dear, Farewel ; for we must part for ever.

Cleom. Say not for ever. No, my still lov'd Lord,
Though these polluted Arms are thine no more,
My Sighs, my Tears, my Prayers shall still be thine.
And when these Eyes with endless Fountains fed,
The Earth my Pillow and my Grave my Bed,
I've worn out Life, and wash't my stains away,
I'll mount above, and meet thee spotless there.

Horm. There our new happier Spousals wee'll prepare,
In all the Joys of everlasting Day —

Cleom. But I must mourn before I find the Way. [*Exeunt severally.*]

Finis Actus Quarti.

A C T . V.

Enter Celinda introducing Hormidas with a Sword in his hand.

Celind. M Y Lord, behind that Covert take your stand ;
And when he's safe in your Swords Reach, to his
False Heart direct your executing Justice. [Exit.]

Horm. Yes, *Cleomira*, Love and Vengeance call ;
Thy *Tarquin* bleeds to night — But, oh, that in
Thy great Reveage this Hand can act so little !
This Sword, when drawn in Honors cause, struck nobly ;
All sparkling in the Front of headed Legions.
But, with what blushing Shame this Arm must move,
When it thus poorly sculks to strike for Love ?

[Exit.]

Enter Otrantes and Rugildas.

Otrant. Is she so hot then for my thirsted Blood,
And drives so furious ?

Rug. Not a starving Tygress
Can hunt more keen : Already she has persued
So close, that with a hundred rancorous whispers
In the Kings Ear — (Falshood or Truth ; no matter)
Her subtlest Engines, Power, Arts, Interest, all
Stand level'd at your Head.

Otrant. My Head ! Yes Friend,
She has given me leave to wear it till to Morrow.

Rug. To Morrow !

Otrant. So, the angry *Orundana*.
The great Disposer of my Fate has fixt
My bounded Life : My Lease is out to Morrow.

Rug. I must confess e're you presum'd to tell her
What Veins she wore, you should have first considered
What Sex she had been too. Glory, Pride, Ambition
The touching of that nice, that tender part,
Wou'd shake an Angel were that Angel Woman.

Otrant. True, I've so shook the Woman in her Veins,
Till turn'd a Fury,
She has sworn my Death ; and, I am but too certain,
Will keep her Oath.

Rug. Will keep it ?

Otrant. If she can.

No, my dear Friend, I see my lowring Danger,
The mixing Gall and all the angry Viols
Just pouring, and to shield my Head,

Have

Have form'd that glorious Counter-plot.

Rug. A Counter-plot!

Otrant. The Arms of Persia are all mine to day;
What think'st thou if to Morrow wears her Crown?

Rug. The Crown!

Otrant. A Crown, that gives me all my Wishes;
A Crown, that plants me far above the Shock
Of Foes or Fortune's Frowns, wall'd in with safety
From the weak Blast of Orundana's Rage;
Her Feeble Threats, and Cobweb Plots, all burst;
'Tis true, the means to reach that Crown
Is something of the roughest, when my passage
Lyes only through the Life of *I* depende.
'Tis something hard to cut so keen as *I* must.

Rug. Hard!

Otrant. And the thought of *Treason*—

Rug. Treason! Fye!
Is that a Bar to Souls resolv'd like ours?

Otrant. Oh, my kind Oracle!
We are alone, and safe; and in thy Bosom
I dare repose my Heart; know then this higher
This Jason's Arm bears the proud Fleece of Gold.
You know, t' assist the King's Devotion, every night
One of his Priests, his *Magi*, is admitted
Into his Closet private and alone.

Rug. Alone, and private! Yes, his Guards, Attendants,
All, all remov'd at that commanded distance,
As if he studied with the same resigning Faith,
To trust his Person as he trusts his Soul.

Otrant. This night then, my *Rugildar*, I am that Priest.

Rug. Most excellent!

Otrant. Alas! how easily
With the dispatching Instrument of *Fate*,
Be lodg'd under the Masque and Robe of Sanctity,
The time, place, hour, all aiding the great Deed.

Rug. Exquisite Mischief!

Otrant. Nay, and my Retreat
Will be as safe as my Approach. For since
'Tis death by Persia's Laws for any Subject
The Closet of the King uncall'd to enter;
Who, who shall call, when Death has sign'd his last
Long silence, and the Silencer retired
With all the safety and the *Reed* of Innocence!
Ay, and to make his Death pass currant Priest-work,
It is but hanging half a dozen of
Those sanctify'd Church-tools, and the Work's done.

Rug. O sublime Reach!

Otram. Nay, put 'em to the Wrack first, and perhaps
Some of the softest pamper'd Fatlings of 'em,
That ne're felt pain, unless from a *Debauch*,
May at a Stretch too hard confess the very *Murder*.
It is not the first Wonder of that kind,
That Cords and Pulleys have perform'd. — *That done*,
His very Death confess'd, and Blood reveng'd,
The feeble *Orundana's* Talons pared;
The poor *Hormidas*, all his weak pretensions,
Husht with a Poniard; and my *Cleomira*,
Proclaim'd and prov'd, dreft in her native Beams,
An Infant of the Sun, and Child of Empire;
And my great Self the Partner of her Throne.

Rug. Never was Plot so all divinely Great
Methinks I see the Radiant Hoop of Gold
Already twine your Brow, a Crown, a Circle,
In which more bright Celestial Myriads dance
Then half the Round of Heav'n.

Otram. A Crown, *Rugildas*!
Now Fortune for the Lawrels of the *Bohd*
One Hand a Dagger and a Scepter hold.

Re-enter Hormidas as from his Stand overbearing.

Horm. A Crown! No; Slave, a Gibbet and a Pinnacle,
Oh blest Discovery! Dear Heav'n, not all
My studied Vengeance cou'd have found a Wish
Beyond this pleasing Sound. Quick, *Rome* fly
To th' alarm'd Ear of Royal *Isdigerdes*,
And guard his Sacred Life; — *For He's my King still*. —
Oh *Cleomira*! Now, I'll do thee noble Justice.
For that stain'd Slave's black Blood this Sword's tootbright.
No; the vile Hangman's hand shall do thee right.

*Enter King *Isdigerdes*.* [Scene Changes.]

King. Oh, why
Does the mistaken popular Adoration
Call Monarchs Heav'n's Vicegerents. — *What, because*
We Sovereign Heads bear Rule like them? — *Ah no!*
Such disproportion our Dominions hold,
What Harmony and Order move their Orbs;
And what Confusion ours? Their Measures, Spheres,
Pow'rs, Dominations, Movements, *and* benefits,
And Circles infinite dance th' Eternal Round, *to*
Without one erring Step, *or jar* between 'em;
Whilst even old Hoary Time himself, with all

His Thousand, Thousand Years upon his Back,
Beats not one Pulse uneven. But, Oh, how sickly
Is our distemper'd State, our Crazy Sway?
Convulsions and Distractions half our Days;
And our whole Reign one restless ferment all;
And we resemble Heav'n (alas) no more,
Than theirs the Bliss, and ours the Toil of Pow'r!

Ester Hormidas Introduced by Otrantes.

Orund. Otrantes arm'd for Hiderder Blood!
But see, the King! Approach, thou kind Discoverer
King. Hormidas!

Horm. If so poor a vagrant Wretch
May dare intrude within these Royal Walls;
And Rags and Misery may be permitted
To kneel on hallow'd Ground. [Kneels.]

Orand. Stand up, Hormidas,
And boldly speak the Mighty Truth thou bring'st.
Thou that art come to save a Monarch's Life,
Art Heav'n's Ambassador, and thy great Cause
Adorns thy poorest Rags.

King. To save a Monarch's Life!

Horm. To save the Life of Royal Hiderder.
Oh the most Impious Execrable Treason
That ever call'd up Hell, or call'd down Vengeance!

King. Treason! From whom?
Orund. From that unparallel'd Villain,
As Blisters even the very Tongue that names him;
That Prodigy, that Monster of all Monsters,
Otrantes, comes this Night to be your Murderer.

King. Otrantes!

Horm. Otrantes, Sir,
That vile, that low-born Slave, the courtest Earth,
That lavish Pow'r e'er moulded into Honour;
So blest, so favour'd, so advanc'd; for all
Those Pyramids of Glory you had rais'd him,
Returns a Dagger to their Founders Heart;
With his own Hand this Night designs your Death.

King. Thou strik'st those Sounds of Horror in my Ear,
As my Faith staggers but to think— *Otrantes!*
Gods! 'Tis impossible— *May I believe thee!*

Form. Sir, on the forfeit of my Hopes in Heav'n,
(For Hopes on Earth I've none, or else I'd pledge them too)
What I have told you, is Oraculous Truth;
These fix'd Ears heard the whole Plotted Treason.

King. Otrantes Hand! Ingratitude so Monstrous!

Horn. Nay, this Ungrateful Infidel, if possible,
To add to Guilt, so exquisitely wicked,
Comes in the Habit of your Priest, and under
That Holy Robe he brings th' Infernal Dagger.

King. So keen warm Snake ; so hot my rank-tooth'd Viper !
I'll find you Scorpions that shall match your sting.

Orund. Scorpions ! Yes, King, rowze all your knotted Vengeance :
Whole Years and Ages on the Wrack,
Would be a Mercy to so damn'd a Traitor.

King. That Hand my Murderer ; and thine, thine my
Deliverer ! Gods ! which is my greatest Wonder,
He brings me Death, or that thou bring'st me Life.

Horn. That I should bring you Life ! Alas !
Is that so strange ! Sir, are you not my King !

King. Thy King !

Horn. And is my Duty such a Wonder !

King. Duty to me ! My Cruelty and my Shame !
Life from that Hand ! Thou the kind Guardian Angel
To Cleomira's Poysoner ? What, with thy Load of Wrongs !

Horn. Wrongs ! Breathe those empty Sounds no more.
Oh, Sir, consider I'm you Nephew, allways you have
My Veins your own ; and with my Mothers Milk,
Suckt in Allegiance to that Sacred Name ;
Even the first Breath I drew was all your own,
And if at last (alas !) I leave the World
With some small Service to that Honour'd Head,
I only finish where I first begun ;
And die no more than that which I was born.

King. Oh my Awakening Senses !
There's something whispers my Relenting Soul,
And tells me thou art True.

Horn. That I am true —

King. That thou art true, Confusion, Horrour, Shame,
Tear my wrack'd Peace ; and all my shivering Nerves
Start at thy frightful Wrongs.

Horn. Oh, Sir, no more.
Let me be still all Black, all spotted Guk,
Ambition, Treason ; all the same loathed Wretch,
For, Oh ! to see you shake that Noble Frame,
There's something so all Tender touches here,
I dare not purchase Innocence so dear.

King. Oh ! thou all Truth I avow'd —

Horn. Persue that Traitor's Falsehood,
And leave my Truth to Heaven. But if my Injuries
Must force a Sigh, and melt a Royal Tear,
Oh, may that dropping Pearl glide gently down ;

No haunting Dreams, nor Walking Visions tread;
For, Oh! to shield the Peace of that Crown'd Head,
Light may my Wrongs, all hush my Ashes die;
If Heav'n can but forgive as much as I.

King. How Rich a Jewel that course Casket holds!

But! Ha! I dare not think!
Lull, Conscience, lull; and slumbering Reason wak:
For (Oh Remembrance!) if thou wak'lt, I link'd yon blessing and lost!

[Exeunt]

Scene changes. Enter Otrantes disguised as a Magus.

Otrant. Thus far I have walk'd safe, with Bows and Knees
Saluted as I pass'd, the distant Crowd
With awful Homagebending low before me.
Oh the bewitching Charm of Beard and Sanctity!
Some of 'em, as I pass'd, whose bolder Zeal
Durst find a Tongue to Greet me, cry'd, All Health,
Health to the Soul of Majesty, the Life of Empire;
And Blessings Crown his Prayers! Yes, all the Blessings,
And all that Health the airy food of Heav'n,
To which this Hour I wing his mounted Soul,
Can give, I bring him. Now a Stroke for Empire!
Weild Nobly, my bold Arm, but this one Bolt
Of Thunder, and the Thunderer's Throne is mine.
Ha! the King's Closet opening for my Entrance!
Now boyk, boyk up the Fever of my Blood,
And every Pulse of my warm Soul beat high.

[Enter King.]

King. Oh, art thou there, my Cut-throat Masquerader!

[Aside.]

Otrant. The King approaches. Now, now for the Spirit
Of the great *Brutus*, the immortal *Gassius*,
And a whole Roman Senate in one Arm.

King. So punctual at th'Infernal Assumption,
Well, Reverend Sanctity, I see thy pious
And holy Zeal is come to bring me Heav'n upon me!
And I thee Hell to thank thee for't.

[Advancing a little nearer
to Otrantes.]

[The King stamping with his Foot, enter Gobrias, Briomer,

Otrant. Confusion! Artaban, Ostagan, and other Attendants, who run in,
Betray'd and lost!

and seize Otrantes, pulling off his false Beard, and
seizing a large Dagger conceal'd under his Robe.

King. Yes, outside Holiness, and inside Devil, we have prepar'd a Counter-Masque to match you.
So sharp, my hard-mouth'd Cerberus!

Nay, then, 't was time to find a Muzzle for my Bloodhound.

Otrant. True; you have caught me, King. But doubly damn'd

Be

Be those perfidious Feinds that ~~hid the Toy~~ King, Ha! Dares he speak? Strike the Audacious ~~Isolace~~ Down his false Throat? Rip, rip his Gangreen'd Heart up. Yet hold your Royal Vengeance; Save my Life But for an hour; I have Wonders to discover Concern your Safety, Peace, Life, Glory, Empire; Of new Conspiracies, Swords, Payloft, Treasons, King. Treasons against my Life! I layd thou, Barbarian, Thou, the Discoverer! No; Slave, I'll trust My Life and Throne to Heav'n. Not borrow Engines From Hell for my Protection. But the Traitor Has lived too long. Strike, strucke the Monster dead. Quickly, ye tedious Slaves. Now, Briomar, Be it your Charge to see the Traitor's Carcass Dragg'd round the Walls of Babylon; then hang'd On some erected Pinacle, if possible, So high, the very Vultures to devor him, Shall droop their flagging Wings, and tire to reach him.

[Exeunt some part of the Attendants with the Body of Ortrantes.]

But though our jult Disdain refus'd the Service Of a Discoverer from that black Ruffian, we found the Bottom of this Treason. And therefore, Ortagan, go instantly And seize the false Rugidas. Thatly Confidential, So dipt in his Intreigues, cannot be ignorant Of this Conspiracy. If his harden'd Guilt Refuses a Discovery, give him the Wrack To soften him to Confession.

[Exit Ortagan.]

Oh, poor Hormidas! Were the ravish'd Coronets Torn from thy Brow for Chaplets for this Villain? Oh the mistaken Favours of the Crown. And, Kings, why are we Gods? 'Tis true, their Thunder, Like Gods, we wield in our Revenge: But when we showre our Blessings, we are only Men.

[Enter Orundana and Theodore.]

There Light of my Life, forgive th' ill-manner'd Rudeness Of this ill-season'd Visit. But the Cause That brings me will excuse a greater Fault. Oh, my bright Excellence, I was lead hither By an Alarm of that strange Horror!

Orund. Horror!

Yes, Prince, the busie Demons of the Air, In close Cabal with their great Lord of Darkness, Haye late this Nighe a hatching mighty Mischief,

Till

'Till watchful Providence, and I above 'em, I say, I won't stand by two such traitors.
Look'd down, and crush'd the brooding Treason dead.' (From the original Quarto.)

Enter King reading a Letter, with Cleonthe and Doranthe, with Attendants.

Dor. Oh, Sir, that Letter to your dying Queen
To my eternal Shame does but too plainly
Confirm the fatal Truth which I have told you.

King. Too plain indeed.

Doran. Forgive a Woman's weakness!
Seduced by a fond Brother's treacherous Art,
The mad Ambition of the false Otrantes
To mount his own base Brat, false Orundana,
A Fairy Changling to the Throne of Cyrus.

Orund. How's this? Confusion!

King. The true-born Cleomira,
My own Imperial Veins!

Orund. Can there be Truth then?

Doran. Too fatal Truth proved by too strong Credentials.

Orund. The happy Cleomira!

Doran. The great Blood
Of Isdigerdes.

Orund. And poor Orundana!

King. Oraies Daughter.

Orund. Oh Prince, thy Orundana is no more!

[To Theodosius, sinking into his Arms.]

Doran. But, oh, dear Sir, let my repenting Tears
For this black Crime implore your Royal Mercy.

Cleont. Yes, let her beg that Mercy, as to hang the Witch,
Hanging's too good for her. If your Princely Wisdom
Can think of any more convenient Noose, I
Upon my Knees I promise you, Your Majesty,
As in all Loyal Duty bound, shall have
An honest Husband's hearty Prayers to thank you for't.

Enter Ortagan, and some other Attendants.

Ortag. I went, great Sir, to obey your dread Commands,
And seize the false Rugildar, but the Prince
Alarm'd, and sheltering his perfidious Head,
Is not yet found.

But to unkennel him, thô ne're so closely cast'h'd,
Already we have beset the Prince's Palace,
The most suspected Scote, nor can he scape,
For the whole Babylon's arm'd to apprehend him.
But oh, dread Sir! from one of his Confederates,
One of his wicked Priests, his impious Engine,
Already I've extorted this Discovery,

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That

That their own hands your Royal Temple burnt,
And on the most wrong'd Virtue, the Poor lost
Hormidas, and th' whole suffering Christian Race
Most safely threw their own Barbarian Gaol.

King. Good Gods! what do I live to hear?

Ortag. And, Sir, All the whole Christian Blood that you have shed,
Through the wide Persian World, has only been
The crying Wounds of Martyr'd Innocence.

King. Those murder'd Thousands! Oh, my butchering Hand of Gods! What a Torrent, what an inundation
Of loud Tongu'd Blood o'rewhelms my sinking Soul.
But, oh Hormidas! thy more ghastly Wrongs
Thine, and thy ravish'd Cleomira's Wrongs,
And, oh, my own dire Doom! hard fated Prince,
Gods! made a Prostitute of my own Daughter,
From her most injur'd Lord, the brightest Worthy
That ever set on Earth to rise in Heaven,
The richest Jewel, that e're crown'd life,
T' adorn the blackest Slave that sham'd the light.

Orund. Now, Prince, where must your Orundans ~~fall~~ ^{be} ?
King. But fly, oh fly, recal my bloody Edicts

Against the Christian Lives; proclaim their Innocence,
Spotless as a new born Day;
And halb' kind ~~By~~ ^{mar}, seize [Several of the Attendants go off, as to obey this Order.]
Those holy Beasts of Prey, my cursed People,
And give 'em to a Den of hungry Lions,
Devourers to Devourers; and thou, Ortagam,
Burn all their costly Palaces, those Nests
Of pious Luxury, fire their hoarded Treasures,
Religious Sacrilegious Death-bed Rapines,
The Spoils of cheated Souls; set 'em all blazin,
A Sacrifice to my Cleomira's Wrongs.

Orund. Now, now my Doom!

King. But fly, call instantly that beauteous Sacrifice,
And her wrong'd Lord, that long Eclipsing Sun,
Of Glory forth.
Bow down ye Slaves, low as your Graves before 'em,
With bending Knees, and prostrate Necks, receive 'em.
Oh! call 'em, call 'em to their Coronation,
Bid 'em prepare for loads of Royal Honours,
And show's of Royal Tears.

Orund. Yet stay, stay King. [the act so why this Order.]
Before your Cleomira's Coronation,
Perform my juster Rites, your Orundan's Funeral.
Oh King, I've fill'd a spacious Orb of Glory,
And like the glitt'ring Charioteer of Day,
Driven my vail Round for twenty smiling Years.

But, Oh ! the mighty finisht Circle's done,
And I am seen no more ; a long long Night.

King. Yes, thou unhappy setting fair — — —

Orund. Well, Sir,

If I must set, do me this last just right :

Tell the vain babbling World, when busie Fools

And buzzing Crowds talk little of my Name ;

Tell 'em, that though my parsimonious Stars

Too poorly furnish't out my humbler Clay, less see in, though it be not so well A

Orantes course-born Blood too low for Empire :

How'e're, the kinder Gods enricht me with

That nobler Spark of their own Heav'ns, a Soul,

Of that unbounded Grasp, as could have weilded

The Scepter of the Univers, given Laws

To kneeing Kings, driven the Reign'd World before me,

And play'd beneath the Toy. To my Recorded Memory

Write that, and then write this.

[Stabs her self.]

Theod. Oh, cruel Fair,

What has your Fury done ?

Orund. Only let out that poor ignoble Blood,

That sham'd me from the World.

Theod. Thou rash, unkind Destroyer,

Oh ! thou hast raz'd the noblest fairest Palace,

That e're lodg'd Life, a Temple for the God

Of Love to sit Enthron'd, and suppliant Monarchs

Come Pilgrims to the Shrine.

Orund. Ah ! no, kind Prince,

My humble Veins — — —

Theod. Name not thy humble Veins ;

Thy Eyes, thy Beauty, thy Imperial Charms,

Were all the dazzling *Orundana* still,

All the same Heav'ny Fair. The Diamond

Shines not les bright for the coarse Rock that bred it.

Orund. And could you love me still ?

Theod. Yes, thou mistaken Cruelty,

Hadst thou want Birth for me, for Love like mine ?

No ; in these dear, dear Eyes, these lovely Suns,

I could have bask'd my whole long Life away,

Though they had only light me to a Cottage.

Oh, hadst thou truly loved me !

Orund. Yes, so loved thee !

And yet even for that Love I durst not live.

No, I had a Soul too Great to out-live Glory,

And therefore with it dye.

Theod. Set then, proud Star !

Thou fairest Child of Night, a long Farewell.

[Dies.]

King. Remove that Funeral Object from my sight,
 And lodge her in the Sepulchre of *Cyrus*.
 I owe thy pity'd Dust that Royal Monument.
 But now let's find *Hormidas*: O *Cleomira*!
 That Nature should not plead in thy behalf!
 No Sympathizing Notion to preserve thee,
 Or inward Touch to stop my hasty Vengeance.
 But now thy Father comes to mourn his Fate,
 And offer thee a Crown, if not too late.

[Exeunt.

SCENE LAST.

Enter *Rugildas*, dragging in *Cleomira* with a Dagger in his Hand.

[Bedchamber.

Cleo. O H, whither Monster, whither dost thou dragg me?
Rug. To bear me company to the other World.
 Thou sayest,
 There is a Power above what we Adore;
 I am sure to dye, but know not where I go;
 And if thy Heaven be happier than ours,
 I'll cling thus to thee when thy Saints receive thee,
 And take thy better choice.

Cleo. No, Villain, no; no Murderers come there,
 No poysoning Infidels of thy black Dye:
 Hell scarce will take thee.

Rug. If Hell wo'take me, then the other must,
 And to be blacker yet, so much I hate thy Husband,
 That had I time,
 I would not kill thee, but enjoy thee, proud One!
 Tast, like *Otrantes*, all thy rifled Sweets,
 And leave thee more polluted for *Hormidas*.
 But hark! he comes! This I am sure of,
 And have a chance for more.

Horm. Not a Soul enter, as you love your General,
 If any hand revenge me but my own,
 My Shame's but half wash'd off.

[Clashing of Swords.

[*Hormidas* within.

Enter *Hormidas*.

Horm. Where is the Traytor?

Rug. Thou hits me right, the Traytor's here.

Horm.

Hor. Horror ! That Beauteous Prey in that keen Vultures Talons.

Rug. What, didst thou never see this thing before ?

Look on her well, thou hast not long to look,
Nor we to live.

Hor. What says the Villain ?

Rug. What he means to do :

Keep off, or by the Sun, nay, by thy Gods I swear,
If thou approach me, this shall enter here.

Hor. O hold, and hear me.

Rug. What is't thou canst propose to save her Life ?

Hor. Propose thy self, and I'll agree to all that thou shalt ask.

Rug. Thou canst not save my Life, if I spare hers.

Hor. By all I Worship and Adore, I will.

Rug. The King has sworn my Death.

Hor. No matter, he'll relent :

I'll hang upon his Knees, and wring his Hands,
Melt with my Prayers and Tears his stubborn Heart,
And beg for all the Injuries he has done me,
Thy Life, which shall atone for my vast Wrongs.

Rug. And when he has given me Life, what shall I do with it ?
I must for ever live abhor'd and shunn'd

A Wandring Scandal through the Persian Empire.

No, I am satisfied thou canst not save me ;
It is thy fear that promises this Pardon :

The Crimes I've done, not Man nor Heaven can pardon,
And, Christian, thou art a Dog if thou'dst forgive me,
After such Wrongs.

Hor. My Faith my Soul's at pawn for 't.

Cleo. No, let him strike, I'd rather die than owe
My Life to such a barbarous Monster.

[*Within.*] Room for the King.

Rug. Then 'tis no time to parley.

[*Stabs Cleomira.*

Hor. Damnation seize the Insatiate Bloodhound.

[*Hormidas runs at Rugildas, they close. Enter King and Guards,*
Rugildas in the close stabs Hormidas, and falls.

King. Part them, you Villains,

And sheathe your Swords in curst *Rugildas* Heart.

Oh *Cleomira* ! — Oh execrable Barbarous Butcher !

How is it, my *Hormidas* ?

Hor. Near my kind end, set me but nearer there,
And I shall die in peace.

King. Unparallel'd Monster !

What could provoke thee to so damnd an Action ?

Rug. Revenge : I knew that I should die for them,
And now they die with me.

King. To Tortures with the Slave ; the little Life that's left him,
Let him curse out in exquisite Torments.

Rug.

Rug. No, silly, credulous, and thoughtless King,
I am past thy spight; and what most vexes me,
Is, that thou art past mine.

King. Unheard of Wickedness! Drag him hence.

Oh Cleomira, if the Wound's not Mortal,
Look up to Empire; 'tis a Father calls,
And offers thee his Crown.

Cleo. A Father! To that honour'd Name thus let my Reverence bow;
But to an Empire; King, you call too late,
That Villain's Dagger, 'Sir,' has gone too far;
A Grave, alas, is all my Birthright now.

King. Unhappy Innocence! But my *Hormydas* fare—

Hor. Must follow her.

All I have left to do, is now

Only to steer this tatter'd Barque to Shore,

And Land me safe upon Eternal Peace.

But Oh! I had once a little Infant-Son—

King. Snatcht from thy Arms by my Barbarian Rage.

But post kind *Artaban* with Angels speed,
And bring that Infant-Innocence, that budding Bloom
Of Majesty, the unplum'd Imperial Eagle,
Back to his Native Nest, the Royal Cedar.

Cleo. Now Life and Love, Farewel: To my new Bridal [Dies.]
Eternal Mercy calls.

Hor. Oh thou soft Soul!

Cleo. Farewel.
I only go to take my last kind Sleep,
That I may wake all thine.

Hor. She's gone, and dying grasp'd me by the Hand
As she were jealous I would stay behind her.

King. O that thou couldst! A Crown, *Hormidas*,—

Hor. The Variety of Crowns I cannot choose;
I have a Heaven to find, and World to loose.

King. Yes, go, blest Pair, now more than Royal Heirs;
Go to your happy Groves, and there look down
On the dim Lustre of my poorer Crown:
Their Reign above me blest with Joys Divine,
I'll envy yours, and you shall pity mine.

